

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.

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THE BEGINNING OF THE STREET BATTLES IN LIVERPOOL: POLICE AND MOB IN CONFLICT, THE FORMER ARMED WITH TRUNCHEONS, AND THE LATTER WITH BRICKS, BOTTLES, AND PIECES OF GRANITE - THE SCENE IN FRONT OF ST. GEORGE'S HALL, THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE OF THE CITY

Affairs took a most serious turn in Liverpool on Sunday last, when a series of ugly fights occurred before St. George's Hall between a mob flinging bricks, bottles, pieces of granite, and stones, and police armed with truncheons. There were some two hundred casualties amongst constables and civilians. Eventually some thirty or forty police had to make a determined baton charge. On Monday night rioting continued, and police and soldiers were stoned. It is officially stated that it is not a fact that volleys were fired over the heads of the crowds, but that seven revolver shots were fired by officers, as well as five

rifle shots—all directed against men hurling missiles from upper windows. Troops advanced with bayonets fixed, but there was no charge. On Tuesday night a violent attempt was made to rescue prisoners, sentenced at the police-court that day, on their way to Walton Jail in five police-vans. The escort consisted of thirty-two men of the 18th Hussars, two officers, and a magistrate. Six men were unseated. Then the order was given to fire. One civilian was killed on the spot and four were wounded. One of these died later.—[DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN LIVERPOOL.]



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## MUSIC.

THE season of promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall will not be remarkable for the extent of the new ground covered by the orchestra. Between the opening concert and the sixtieth only fourteen works will be heard for the first time in London. Of these, some have been given in other parts of England and some on the Continent. The most interesting to the general public will probably be the waltz from the new Strauss opera, "Rosenkavalier" (Aug. 23); Alfvén's Swedish rhapsody, "Midsommar Vaka" (Aug. 31); Debussy's suite, "Children's Corner" (Sept. 12); and the introduction to the second act of Humperdinck's new opera, "Königskinder."

The British contribution to the list of novelties is not a long one; indeed, it is so short as to be disappointing. We are to hear "Shepherd Fennel's Dance," by Balfour Gardiner (Sept. 6), "Variations on an Irish Air," by Norman O'Neill (Sept. 14), a small suite for orchestra by Cecil Forsyth (Sept. 19), and a symphonic poem, "Antony and Cleopatra," by Raymond Roze (Sept. 21). The writer is not quite certain that Mr. Roze is rightly to be included under the head of British musicians. A miniature suite by Eric Coates completes the list that is as much as to say that in the ten weeks of promenade concerts British musicians contribute at most five novelties. Surely our countrymen could do better than this; there will be, perhaps, seven or eight hundred items on the programmes that include these five new works by British composers.

When the selection of soloists is considered there is no possible cause for complaint as far as nationality is concerned. The great part of the names cannot be mistaken; the long list is largely composed of British singers and players; it is a pity that they will not have a larger share of their living countrymen's music to interpret. As a nation we may not shine at composing grand operas; some of our symphonies, symphonic poems, and the rest may be a little on the dull side, and not altogether inspired; but there is no lack of short and spontaneous efforts that yield a few minutes' pleasure, and it would have been pleasant to find that more of these less ambitious efforts were down for hearing. Some of our leading composers are represented, but not by new works.

Lovers of music whose memory can travel back twenty years or more will not read without some sense of regret the announcements relating to the forthcoming sale of the Crystal Palace. Among the assets to be acquired by the purchaser are the Great Orchestra, where the Handel Festivals have been held, and the concert-room "with orchestra for 300 and accommodating 2,700," to quote the rather slipshod language of the advertisement. In this concert-room August Manns taught more than one rising generation to listen with delight to the masterpieces of music. Here came great singers or players to establish or to confirm their reputations; and for half the year the Saturday afternoons brought the holiday of the week to the music-lovers of town and suburb. But for the Crystal Palace Symphony Concerts many of us would still be wandering in the outer darkness of the realms of music, and we must all hope that, if the building and grounds are to be acquired for the nation, the great musical tradition will be preserved in the future as in the past. Even in the last few years, while financial conditions have been anything but satisfactory, the management has done its best for music, and, under the direction of Mr. Walter Hedgcock, has given excellent orchestral concerts and vocal recitals, preserving the continuity of a series almost as old as the Crystal Palace itself.

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## PARLIAMENT.

THE summer portion of the session concludes with the passing of the Parliament Bill by the House of Lords and with the voting of salaries of £400 to themselves by members of the House of Commons. There has been in modern times no such dramatic debate or fateful division as took place in the House of Lords on the measure for the curtailment of its veto. The Gilded Chamber was crowded, the scene was brilliant, the oratory was unusually fine, and striking situations were produced when one occupant of the Unionist front bench replied to another, and when the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Rosebery announced their intention to vote with the Government in order to prevent the "large and prompt creation" of Peers which would have followed the temporary defeat of the Bill. Peers, Peeresses, and observers from the House of Commons were greatly excited during the discussion, the result of which no man was able to foretell. The "Die-Hards" who followed Lord Halsbury in resisting to the last proved a stronger force than had been generally expected; but while the Marquess of Lansdowne and the majority of the Unionist Peers abstained from voting, a section of about thirty, besides the two Archbishops and eleven Bishops, voted with the Government, and gave them a majority of seventeen, the result being hailed with such loud cheers as had not been heard from Liberals in that House for more than a generation. The resolution of the Commons in favour of the payment of members was carried the same evening, and on Monday a vote of £252,000 for the purpose was passed in Committee of Supply. Against this proposal the Unionists fought strongly, both on its merits and on account of its being submitted in a mere resolution, instead of in a Bill; and Mr. Peel moved to reduce the salary from £400 to £300; but all amendments were rejected by Coalition majorities. The House took a grave view of the industrial strikes and riots, about which many anxious questions were asked. At first, Unionists were dissatisfied with the attitude of the Government; but there were loud, emphatic cheers from both sides on Monday when Mr. Churchill declared firmly that if the necessity should arise all the forces at their disposal would be employed to preserve peace and to secure the observance of the law and the maintenance of the food-supply; and Unionists gave renewed expression to their satisfaction when he frankly repudiated a suggestion thrown out from the Labour party that the riots in Liverpool had been provoked by the action of the police. Much business, including the Finance Bill, as well as the Insurance Bill, has been left over till the autumn sittings, which are to begin on Oct. 24.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

NOW that the half-artificial anger of the party politicians has suddenly fallen silent, there are one or two notes of a national and non-party nature which may really be made upon the singular episode of the Die-Hards. On both sides, of course, there was the most towering exaggeration; the tall talk grows taller as it grows thinner. To represent Mr. Asquith as the heroic tribune of a huge popular upheaval is as absurd as to represent him as a traitor who has sold his King and country to Mr. John Redmond. Fairly considered, Mr. Asquith is a cool-headed, good-humoured man of the world who has succeeded in removing what he regards as an obstacle in the machinery of his profession. The ordinary Englishman had no concentrated horror of that obstacle. But the ordinary Englishman would not have walked across the street to save it. The change, whether good or bad, has been a change made by official politicians for the reconstruction and continuance of official politics.

But there is a thing behind politics which is much more lively and amusing than politics; the thing we call Society. The thing behind a democracy is human society; the thing behind an oligarchy is smart society; but in both we find the real human nature that is at the root of all the regulations and reforms. The British Public is (as is only right and proper) largely to be found in the British Public House. And in the same way the real political parties are not the Unionist and Liberal parties, but the garden-parties and the shooting-parties. And the first and most practical moral from the affair of the Veto and the Die-Hards is a moral not political but social. The failure of this belated attempt at an aristocratic rally is the Nemesis of the English aristocracy for its social conduct during the last forty or fifty years. The aristocrats appealed in vain, not only to an aristocracy which was not there, but to an aristocracy which they had themselves stamped out.

A simple-minded writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, about the time when the threat of the Four Hundred Peers was hovering, wrote an article defying the Government to do its worst. The Four Hundred Peers, he declared, would find their position impossible—they would not really achieve the position of noblemen at all. He asserted that "the line between them and other Peers would never be crossed" and that "they would be glad to retire into their native suburbs." Now, this reads rather as if the writer in *Blackwood* were an innocent suburban himself; certainly he is either very innocent or very audaciously misleading. For the plain fact is that the line between new and old Peers would be, as it has been for a long time, absolutely invisible. The fact is that people have already entered the House of Lords who, if they had retired to their native haunts, would not have retired to any place half so refined or respectable as the

suburbs. The Four Hundred Peers, whoever they were, could not conceivably be worse, even when they came with a rush, than many who have dropped in one at a time. Yet these have never had the smallest difficulty in "crossing the line" between themselves and other Peers, or (in other words) in being treated as noblemen, both by their inferiors and their equals. The most timid member of the Four Hundred could not feel really shy in an assembly so comprehensive and all-embracing as the House of Lords.

If the English Tory squires wanted to be exclusive they ought to have begun being exclusive a long time

myself, and I am quite prepared to love pastry-cooks; I sympathise with many of the tastes of our oligarchs, with the taste for leisure and good wine and Old English Gardens, and such things. But the fact remains that if you are to maintain an idea which is attacked, you must sometimes be prepared to limit yourself in these things. And the fact remains that the English aristocrats have not been prepared to limit themselves in these things, nor in a good many more which are much more dubious. Whether under the guise of condescension or cosmopolitan sympathies or political liberality or financial consultation, or mere laziness and good-nature, they have definitely preferred the policy of conciliating the successful cad. Such oligarchs, in spite of their money-worship, might perhaps be praised for their tolerance. But they cannot suddenly sound a trumpet before them and ask to be admired for their exclusiveness.

There have been aristocracies to which the strongest Government on earth would have found it impossible to add four hundred new and artificial members. If Sir Robert Walpole had dressed up a set of London Aldermen in kilts and sporrans, and sent them down to be chiefs in the Highlands before the '45, the experiment would not have succeeded. They would have found the line between themselves and other chiefs impossible to cross. They would have come back to their native suburbs. But then the real Highland chief purchased this immunity from imitation by being ready to live on a stale crust of bread and a piece of lemon-peel rather than engage in a trade or "mechanical employment." If Abraham Lincoln before the war had sent down a company of Massachusetts merchants to assume the status of the old Virginian families, the old Virginian families would, no doubt, have looked down on them. But, then, the old Virginian families would not have thronged to their card-parties, drunk their champagne, borrowed their money, and pumped their financial secrets. The Southern gentleman was ready to give up his life in order to secede from the Yankee, and he would probably have been ready to give up one of the courses in his dinner for it. But the modern English aristocrat has not shown himself ready to give up anything whatever to preserve the ideal of aristocracy.

I, for my part, condemn and abominate the ideal of aristocracy. Aristocracy is to me a bad essence, whose body is an accident, power; and whose soul is a vice, pride. But you must have some virtues really to defend anything, even a vice. If oligarchs wish to stand apart and be respected there is only one way in which they can do it. There will always be thousands of snobs and slaves to imitate all their gaieties and all their grandeurs. There is only one thing which is generally secure from plagiarism—self-denial.



THE FATAL FIRE AT THE CARLTON: THE FAMOUS HOTEL WELL ALIGHT AND THE ESCAPES IN PLACE.

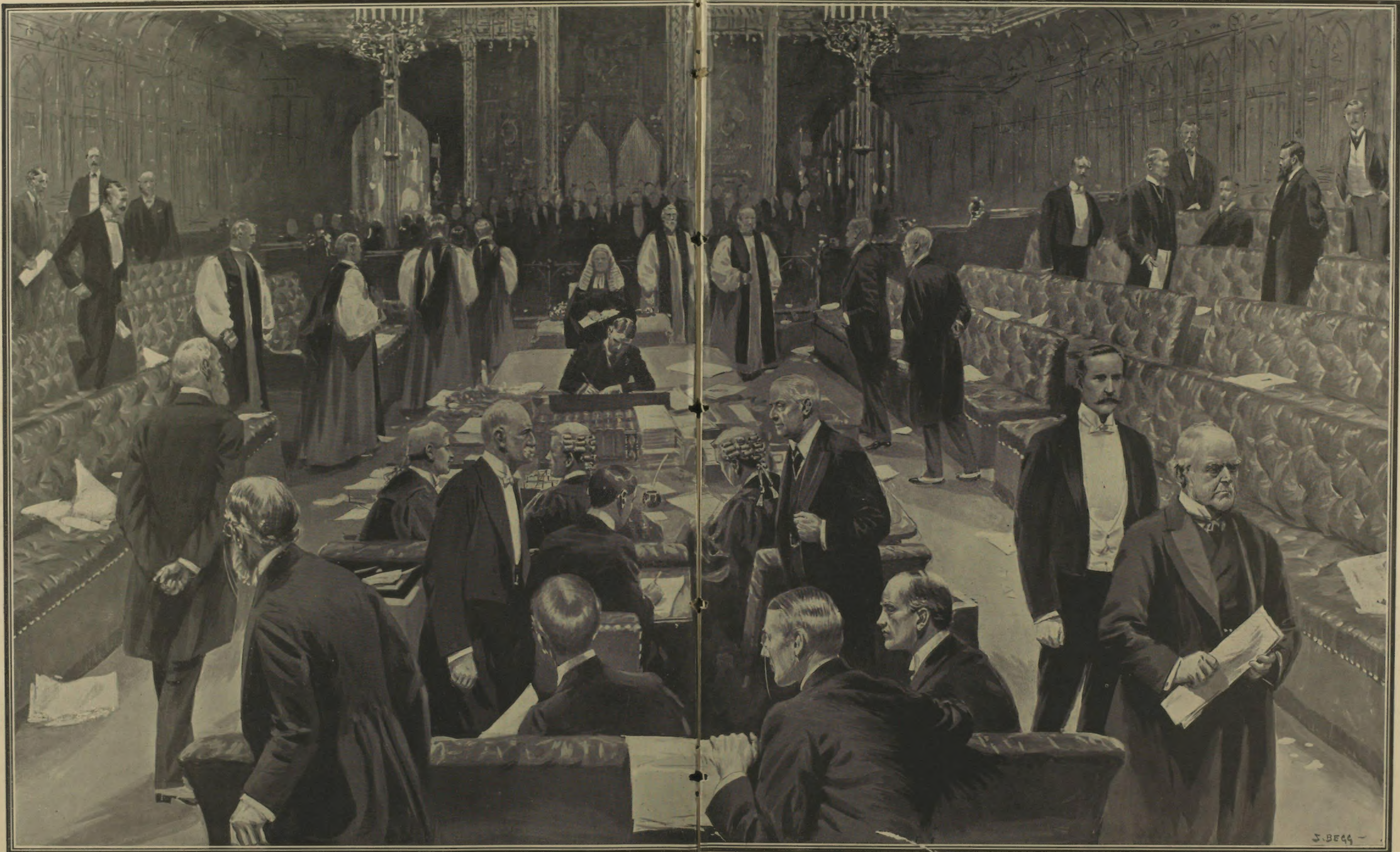
The fire at the Carlton Hotel last week was one of the most alarming that has occurred in the West End for a long time. In view of the position of the building in the heart of fashionable London, as a favourite resort of society, the consequences might have been far more serious than they were, and the fact that there was only one fatality is a matter for congratulation. It was fortunate, of course, that the outbreak did not occur in the night, but even as it was, there was sufficient scope for panic, and great credit is due to the visitors and the hotel staff, as well as to the firemen, for the coolness and promptitude which they displayed under very trying circumstances. The fire broke out while the guests—some three hundred—were dressing for dinner. More than thirty fire-engines and two hundred and seventy firemen were engaged in fighting the flames, and a huge crowd gathered to watch them. The damage was estimated at £30,000 to £50,000.

ago. They could not expect to have their cake and eat it: or to preserve aristocracy, any more than anything else, without its inconveniences and renunciations. They decided to take their cake: and they took the self-made pastrycook along with it. They were in debt to the pastrycook, simply and solely because they liked pastry. Because they were in debt to the pastrycook they made him a Peer; they made him a Peer in the most real and perilous sense—they made him an equal. Now I love pastry



# THE PASSING OF THE VETO BILL WITHOUT A CREATION OF NEW PEERS: THE SEPARATION OF THE CONTENTS AND THE NOT-CONTENTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.

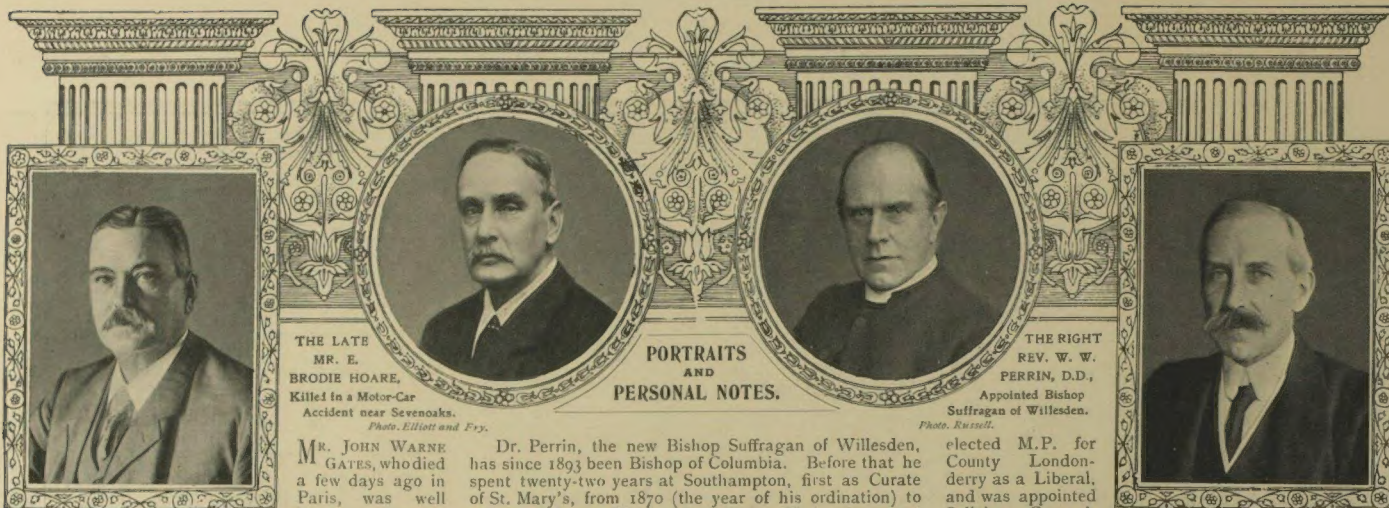


## A MOST FATEFUL NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: THE PEERS DIVIDING ON THE QUESTION OF INSISTING OR NOT INSISTING ON AMENDMENTS TO THE PARLIAMENT BILL.

The most fateful division of recent times took place in the House of Lords on August 10, on the question of insisting or not insisting on Amendments to the Parliament Bill. Lord Lansdowne and those Peers who supported him abstained from voting, some watching the division through the glass doors at the upper end of the Chamber, others standing among the Privy Councillors on the steps of the throne. The two Archbishops and eleven of the thirteen Bishops present voted with the Government, and the same course was taken by about thirty Unionist Peers. On account of their action, the Duke of Norfolk and several others who had intended to walk out went with the "Die-Hards," who, under Lord Halsbury, resisted to the last. Lord Rosebery voted with, and Lord Roberts against, the

Government. By a majority of seventeen the passage of the Bill was secured without a creation of new Peers. In the drawing the Contents are seen on the left walking towards the Government Lobby; the Not-Contents are on the right moving in the opposite direction. Lord Roberts and Lord Rosebery are seen about to pass one another, the former to vote against the Government, the latter to vote for it. Further back are two Bishops (Bangor and Worcester) crossing to join those against the Government. On the right is Lord Halsbury, followed by Lord Selborne. Standing on the right is the Duke of Norfolk. The telling is performed, it is worth noting for the benefit of those not familiar with the procedure, as the Peers re-enter the Chamber.

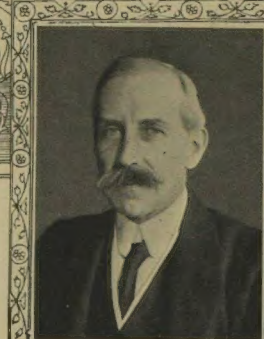




THE LATE  
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BRODIE HOARE,  
Killed in a Motor-Car  
Accident near Sevenoaks.  
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*

PORTRAITS  
AND  
PERSONAL NOTES.

THE RIGHT  
REV. W. W.  
PERRIN, D.D.,  
Appointed Bishop  
Suffragan of Willesden.  
*Photo. Russell.*



MR. G. R. ASKWITH,  
The Board of Trade's Official Arbitrator in  
Labour Disputes, who has been Prominent  
during the Strikes.

THE LATE MR. JOHN WARNE GATES,  
The well-known American Millionaire and  
Financier, who began life in a village hard-  
ware shop.

born in 1855 at the village of Turner Junction (now a suburb of Chicago), where his father had a farm and a small hardware shop. The future millionaire laid the foundation of his fortune by selling barbed wire (then a new invention) to Texas farmers. Later he manufactured it, and started the Southern Wire Company. In 1896 he began to deal in stocks in Wall Street, and was one of the founders of the Steel Corporation. He almost succeeded in establishing an International Steel Trust, among British, American, and German manufacturers.

Mr. Edward Brodie Hoare, who was killed in a motor-car accident near Sevenoaks last Saturday, was a son of the late Rev. Edward Hoare, Hon. Canon of Canterbury and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Tunbridge Wells, his mother being a daughter of Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bt. Mr. Brodie Hoare, who was seventy, was a Director of Lloyd's Bank and the Standard Bank of South Africa. He was M.P. for Hampstead, as a Unionist, from 1888 to 1902.

Several high military appointments have just been made along with that of Sir John French as Chief of the Imperial General Staff. General Sir C. W. H. Douglas, who now becomes Inspector-General of the Home Forces, served in the Afghan War of 1879-1880, and took part in the famous march from Cabul to Candahar. He also served in the Suakim Expedition of 1884, and in both the Boer Wars. In 1900 he commanded the 9th Brigade, and later a column of all arms, in South Africa. Sir Arthur Paget, who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, served in the Ashanti War of 1873, in the Sudan in 1885 and 1888-9, and in Burma in 1887-8. In the last Boer War he commanded the 20th Brigade. From 1902 to 1906 he commanded the First Division of the First Army Corps, and since 1908 he has held the Eastern Command.

Dr. Perrin, the new Bishop Suffragan of Willesden, has since 1893 been Bishop of Columbia. Before that he spent twenty-two years at Southampton, first as Curate of St. Mary's, from 1870 (the year of his ordination) to 1881, and then as Vicar of St. Luke's. He has been very active in organising Church work in Canada, and became prominent at the Pan-Anglican Congress in London.

The signing of the Arbitration Treaties between the United States and Great Britain and France took place recently in the Library of the White House at Washington. Those present included Mr. Taft, Mr. Knox, Secretary of State and Plenipotentiary for the United States; the Right Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador and Plenipotentiary; the Vicomte de Sainte-

elected M.P. for County Londonderry as a Liberal, and was appointed Solicitor-General, and late Attorney-General, for Ireland. His appointment as Lord Chancellor of Ireland was made in 1892 after the return of Mr. Gladstone to power. In 1895 he became a Lord Justice of Appeal, and in 1906 he was made a Baronet.

Mr. G. R. Askwith, the head of the Commercial and

Labour Departments of the Board of Trade, whose services are always much in request during labour disputes, has been exceptionally active during the great strikes of the past few weeks. Mr. Askwith is a son of the late General W. H. Askwith, Colonel Commandant in the Royal Artillery. He took part in the Venezuelan Arbitration, and was British Plenipotentiary at the International Congress on Copyright at Berlin in 1908.

The death of Dr. Johann Martin Schleyer recalls one of the various attempts, prior to the introduction of Esperanto, to invent a new language for the common use of all nations. Volapuk, the language invented by Dr. Schleyer, did not, however, justify its name of "universal." Dr. Schleyer recently kept his eightieth birthday at Constance, in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

Josef Israels, the great Dutch artist, who has just passed away at the age of eighty-seven, maintained his position as one of the best esteemed and most original of modern painters to the end of his life. After first failing with some historical pictures, he found his true inspiration, like Millet, in the life of villagers and fisher-folk, at such places as the little Dutch ports of Katwyk and Scheveningen. Among his most famous works are "The Shipwrecked Mariner" (exhibited in London in 1862 and in 1903), "The Anchor-Beaters" (now in America), "Past Mother's Grave," "Watching the Cradle," and "Toilers of the Sea." Heer Israels would never say which work he considered his masterpiece, declaring that "in a parent's eyes all his children are equal."



AN IMPORTANT STEP IN THE MOVEMENT TOWARDS UNIVERSAL PEACE: MR. JAMES BRYCE (ON THE LEFT) AND MR. KNOX SIGNING THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION TREATY IN PRESIDENT TAFT'S LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON.

Phalle, Secretary of Archives to the French Embassy at Washington (who witnessed Mr. Knox's signature to the Franco-American Treaty), Mr. Hilles (private secretary to Mr. Taft), Mr. Chandler Anderson (Assistant Secretary of State), and Mr. Ovey (Secretary of Legation), who accompanied Mr. Bryce.

Sir Samuel Walker, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who died last Sunday, was born in 1832, and was called to the Bar in 1855. He made his mark in the State trials of 1880, when the illness of the leading counsel gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself. In 1884 he was



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR A. H. PAGET,  
Appointed General Officer Commanding-in-  
Chief the Forces in Ireland.



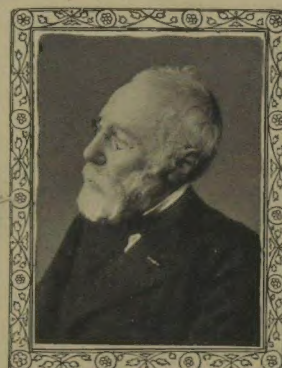
THE LATE RT. HON. SIR SAMUEL  
WALKER,  
Lord Chancellor of Ireland.



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR C. W. H. DOUGLAS,  
Appointed Inspector-General of the Home  
Forces.



THE LATE DR. J. M. SCHLEYER,  
The Inventor of Volapuk—the "Universal  
Language."



THE LATE JOSEF ISRAELS,  
The most famous Painter of the Modern  
Dutch School.



## THE STRIKE FEVER: THE RIOT ACT IN LIVERPOOL; SABOTAGE AT GLASGOW.



"OUR SOVEREIGN LORD THE KING CHARGEETH AND COMMANDETH ALL PERSONS BEING ASSEMBLED IMMEDIATELY TO DISPERSE THEMSELVES":

A MAGISTRATE READING THE RIOT ACT IN VAUXHALL ROAD, LIVERPOOL, DURING THE MOB'S ATTACK ON PRISON-VANS.

Early on Tuesday evening an attempt was made to rescue prisoners who were being taken to Walton Jail in five police-vans. The escort consisted of thirty-two men of the 18th Hussars, with two officers and a magistrate. Bricks and stones were thrown, and six of the troopers

were unseated. After that, the magistrate consenting, the officer in command gave the order to fire. One man was killed outright and four were wounded. Of the last named, one has died. The first man was a casual dock labourer, aged thirty; the second a carter, aged twenty.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



ONE OF A HUNDRED AND FIFTY: A TRAMCAR DAMAGED BY STRIKERS AT GLASGOW.

On Saturday of last week, some 2000 tramwaymen employed by the Glasgow Corporation struck for improved conditions of service. By the night of the following day 150 cars had been wrecked or seriously damaged. Many disorderly scenes took place before matters were quietened, and the details of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were held in readiness for

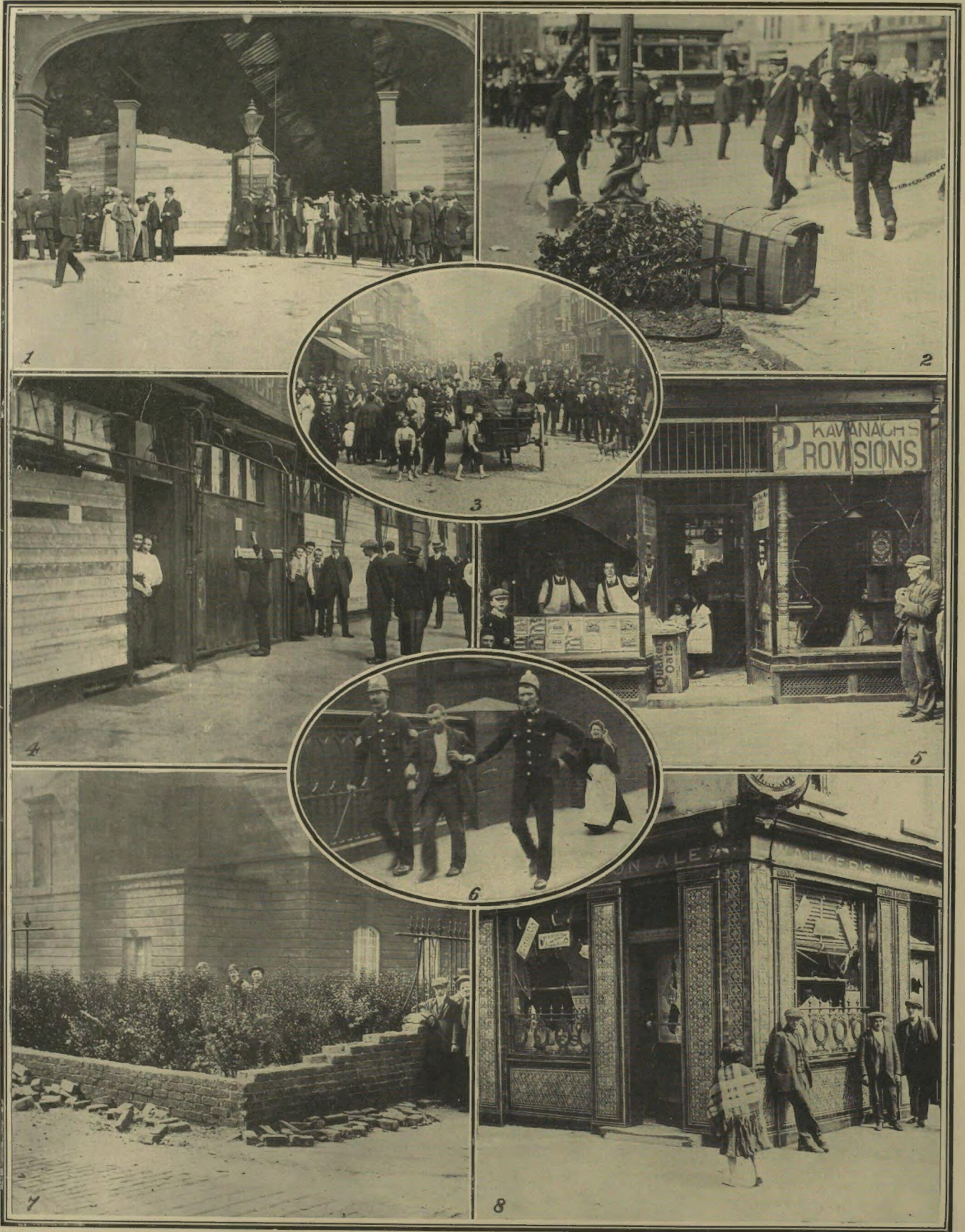
emergencies. It was found necessary to withdraw all cars on the Sunday morning. By Monday active hostilities had practically come to an end, and the men had agreed to submit their grievances to the arbitration of a Board of Trade official; their resolution was to be put before the Corporation on Thursday last.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



## AS AFTER A CIVIL WAR!—SERIOUS DAMAGE IN LIVERPOOL STREETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



1. LIME STREET UNDER SIEGE; THE STATION BARRICADED AGAINST RIOTERS.

2. WRECKED BY THE MOB; ONE OF THE WOODEN BOXES OF PLANTS OVERTURNED BEFORE ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

3. AN IMPORTANT "BATTLEFIELD" AND THE "FRONTIER" BETWEEN THE CATHOLIC AND ORANGE QUARTERS; GREAT HOMER STREET.

4. BOARDED UP AFTER HAVING BEEN DAMAGED AND LOOTED; A PROVISION-SHOP IN SCOTLAND ROAD.

Without question the rioting in Liverpool is the most serious that has taken place during the present strike fever. Not only has much damage been done to property; but many people have sustained injuries; this to say nothing of the two deaths resulting from the attack on the prison-vans. With regard to one of our photographs, it should be remarked that Great Homer

5. AFTER THE RIOTERS HAD DONE WITH IT; A WRECKED SHOP IN SCOTLAND ROAD.

6. DURING THE ATTACK ON THE PRISON-VANS; AN ARREST—THE POLICEMAN ON THE RIGHT WOUNDED IN THE FACE.

7. WEAPONS FOR RIOTERS; THE BRICK WALL AND IRON RAILINGS OF A CHURCH TORN DOWN FOR USE AS AMMUNITION.

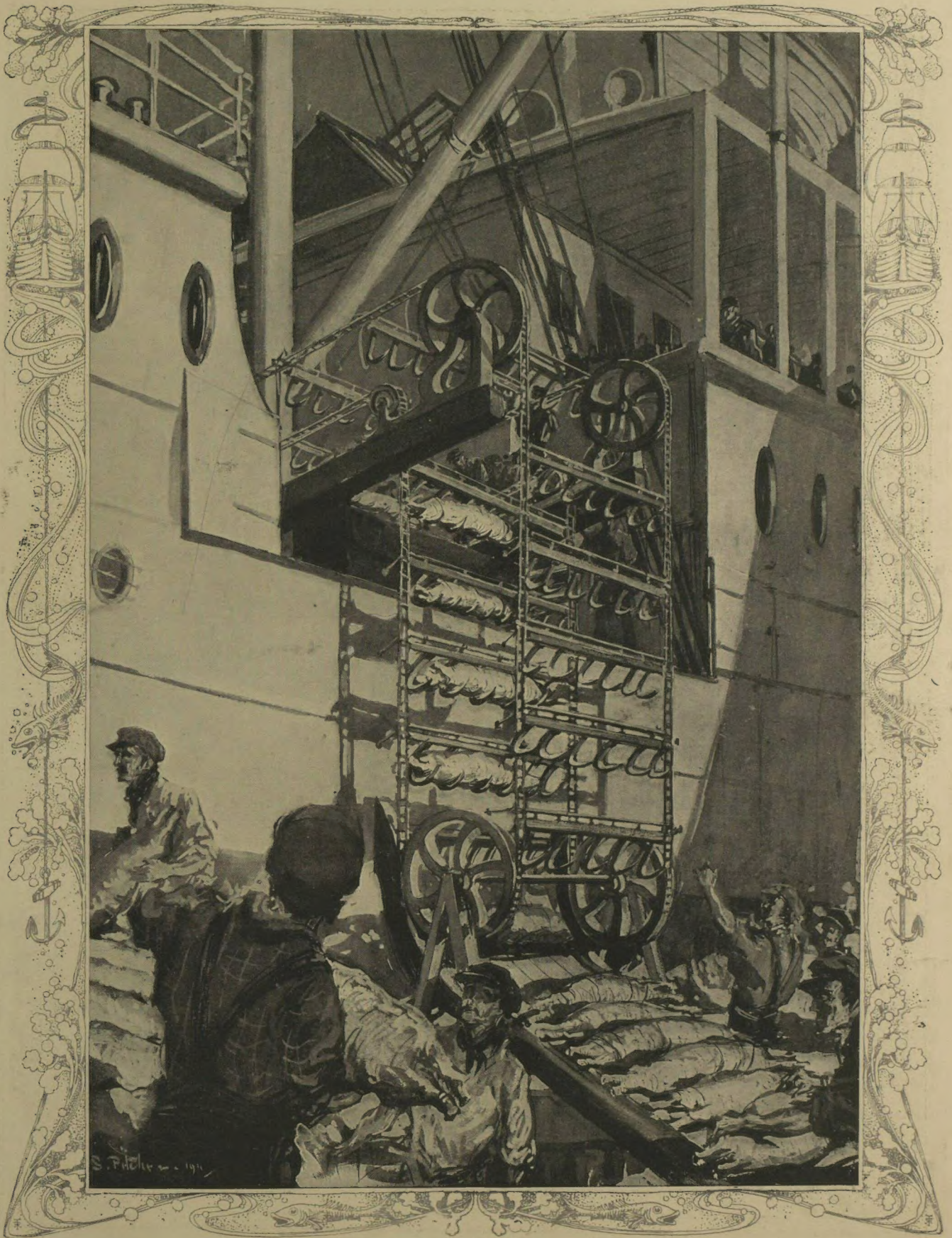
8. AT THE CORNER OF SPRINGFIELD STREET; A MUCH-DAMAGED PUBLIC-HOUSE.

Street is, as it were, the frontier between the Catholic and Orange quarters, the Catholics occupying the Scotland Road site, and the Orangemen the Netherfield Road site. These factions, which are generally ready to avail themselves of any opportunity of dispute, renewed their quarrels during the strike.



## SUPPLYING LONDON'S TABLES: WORK THE STRIKE STOPPED.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, N. SOTHEY PITCHER.



FOOD IN THE IRON CLAWS: UNLOADING FROZEN SHEEP-CARCASES.

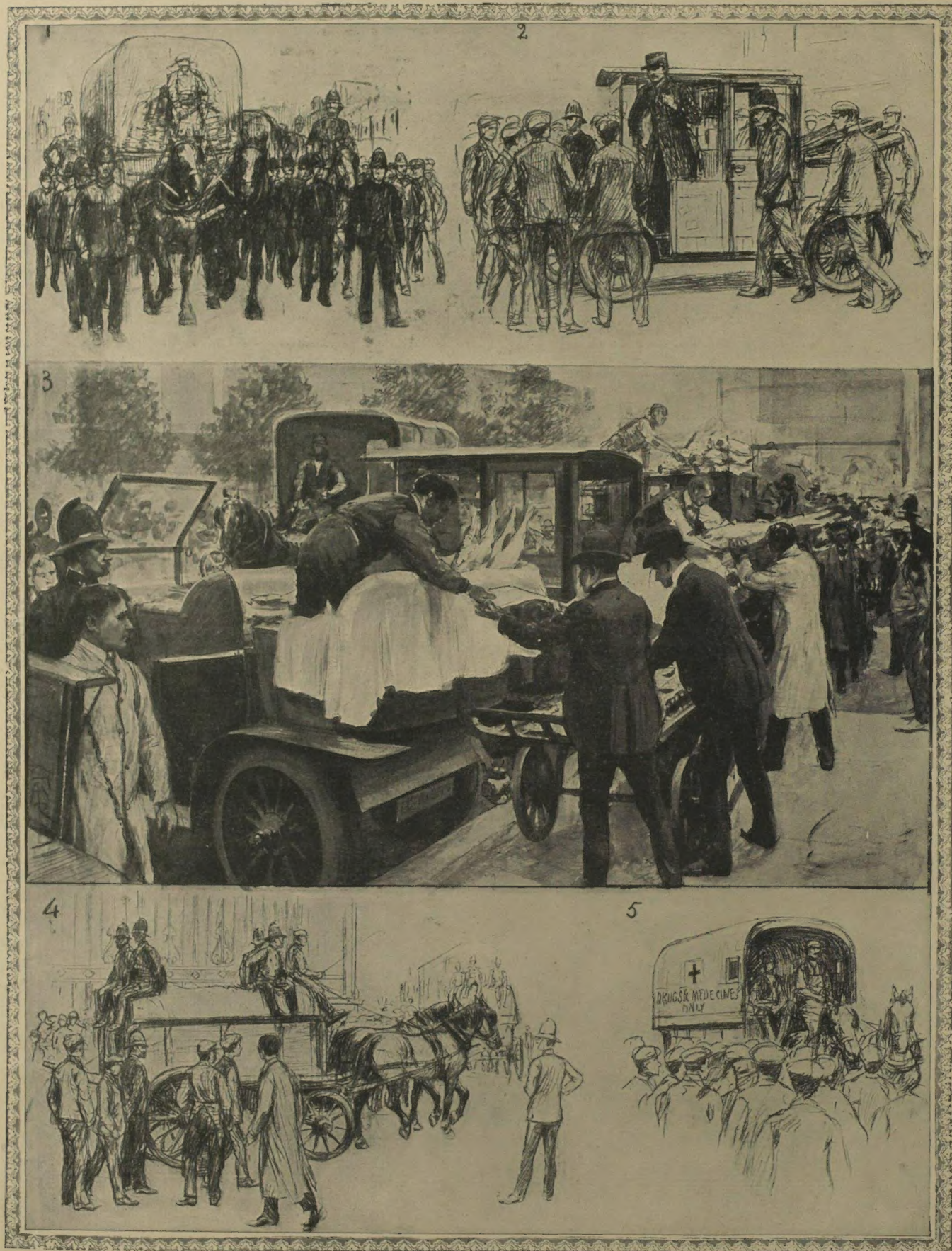
Our Artist writes of his drawing, which deals with work the strike stopped abruptly: "The Illustration shows a steamer discharging frozen sheep-carcases by means of a machine which is driven by steam from the ship's winches. This arrangement makes the unloading of frozen meat a quick matter, as two or three hands in the hold are all that are necessary

to feed the machine. The carcasses are carried over the side of the vessel in iron claws, and are automatically shot out into a barge or on to the wharf alongside. A whole cargo can be discharged by means of this arrangement in about a third of the time usually taken by hand." Thus it is, obviously, a device of much value.



# THE "HOLDING - UP" OF THE FOOD - SUPPLY: LONDON STRIKE SCENES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



1. MARKET PRODUCE UNDER POLICE ESCORT; CARTS GUARDED ON THEIR WAY TO COVENT GARDEN.
2. FISH FOR "BART'S"; THE PORTER INDICATING HIS UNIFORM TO PERSUADE THE STRIKERS TO PASS HIM TO THE HOSPITAL WITH A TAXI-CAB LOAD OF FISH FOR THE PATIENTS.

Thanks to the efforts of the police, a fair quantity of meat was got into Smithfield and out of it again, just as fruit and vegetable carts were able to enter and leave Covent Garden, and so on. At the Meat Market masters had to take meat home themselves in their own

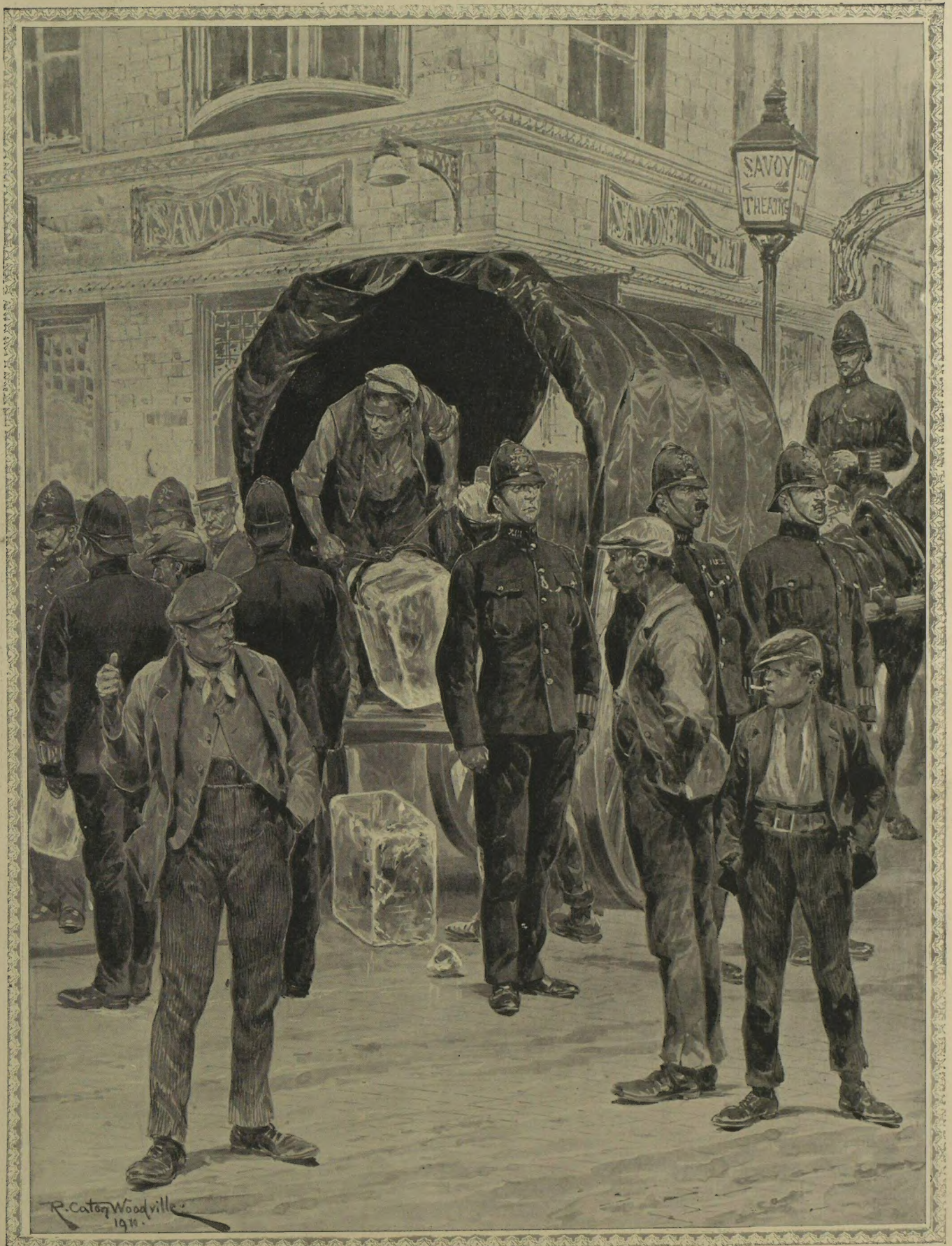
3. MASTERS REPLACING MEN AT SMITHFIELD; BUTCHERS FETCHING MEAT IN THEIR MOTOR-CARS, IN TAXIS, AND IN OTHER CABS.
4. UNDER POLICE PROTECTION; VAN-LOADS OF MEAT LEAVING SMITHFIELD.
5. "DRUGS AND MEDICINES ONLY"; GOODS RESPECTED BY THE STRIKERS, AND PERMITTED TO PROCEED IN MOST CASES.

cars or in cabs. In most cases the hospitals did not suffer, the strikers passing supplies obviously destined for them. The institutions received their drugs and medicines in conveyances labelled "Drugs and medicines only," or in some similar manner.



## A GILBERTIAN STRIKE SCENE OUTSIDE THE SAVOY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. CATON WOODVILLE.



HOTEL SUPPLIES UNDER GUARD: ICE BEING UNLOADED IN THE STRAND UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF THE POLICE.

As our readers are aware, from the drawing published in our issue of last week, the London strikers permitted the conveyance of ice to the hospitals, although even those institutions felt the effect of the men's action in some degree. In other quarters the pickets made the supply decidedly short, and there were few, if any, of the big hotels and clubs, for instance,

which could boast enough to supply in full the demands of guests or members. Hence this scene outside the Savoy Hotel—a somewhat Gilbertian affair under the shadow of the Savoy Theatre itself! At least 5000 tons of ice remained in vessels in the docks, while, as though Nature were taking sides, the week proved one of the hottest of this hot summer.



# THE ATTEMPT TO "PARALYSE THE PORT OF LONDON"! THE STRIKE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RECORD PRESS, G.P.U., G.P.F., ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



1. CONVOYING GOODS THROUGH THE STRIKERS' LINES: POLICE GUARDING A VAN.

2. AT THE TOWER, NEAR WHICH THERE WERE MANY STRIKE SCENES: UNLOADING AMMUNITION.

3. THE DICTATOR OF TOWER HILL: MR. BEN TILLET ADDRESSING HIS "BROTHERS."

4. HOSTILE FOR NO APPARENT REASON: STRIKERS "HOLDING UP" A MOTOR-BUS.

5. "SABOTAGE" BY STRIKERS: A CARTLOAD OF RUBBER TYRES OVERTURNED IN THE MILE END ROAD.

6. CHIEF ORGANISER OF THE GREAT STRIKE MOVEMENT IN LONDON: MR. HARRY GOSLING.

7. PRESERVERS OF LAW AND ORDER: POLICE RUNNING TO PROTECT A WAGON IN DANGER OF ATTACK BY STRIKERS.

8. "PERSUASION" OR "INTIMIDATION"?—STRIKERS STOPPING A WAGON NEAR THE TOWER BRIDGE.

With regard to these photographs we may make the following notes: A number of wagon-loads of goods were safely conveyed by police, who did their difficult work admirably and good-temperedly. All their care, however, could not prevent a certain amount of that wilful damage which our friends across the Channel term "sabotage." "Persuasion" was employed

freely, and those not persuaded often saw their vans overturned or the traces of their horses cut. Mr. Harry Gosling, chief organiser of the strike, is President of the National Transport Federation; Mr. Ben Tillett has been its most fluent "talker." It has been calculated that the strike cost London something like £2,000,000, and that 340 trades were directly affected by it.



# THE FOOD QUESTION: LONDON IN STRIKE TIME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.P., RECORD PRESS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



1. TO REMIND THE PEOPLE THAT THE COAL-PORTERS WERE ON STRIKE: A CART BEARING THE NOTICE, "DON'T FORGET THE OLD COALIE ON STRIKE."

3. "MASTER" AND MEN: MR. BEN TILLET IN THE CENTRE OF A CROWD OF HIS "BROTHERS," ON TOWER HILL.

4. MARKETING IN HIS PRIVATE CAR: A MANAGER CONVEYING MEAT TO HIS HOTEL, OTHER TRANSPORT BEING CUT OFF.

2. AN APPEAL TO THE CLASS MOST LIKELY TO BE AFFECTED BY THE STRIKE: A RHYMED REQUEST TO THE LANDLORD TO ABSTAIN FROM ASKING FOR RENT.

5. SERVING HIS GUESTS: THE MANAGER OF AN HOTEL FETCHING FRUIT AND VEGETABLES FROM COVENT GARDEN IN A HANSON.

The photographs illustrate four of the more curious phases of the great strike in London, and one of its leaders addressing his followers on Tower Hill. The rhymed request to the landlord, which was set up in the East End, is amusing, but not calculated to appeal to men of the class most likely to be affected by the strikers' action. It read: "Please, landlord, don't

be offended. Don't call for rent till the strike is ended." The hotels, like every other institution, found difficulties in obtaining supplies. In several cases managers fetched meat, fish, fruit, and vegetables from the markets in their own motor-cars or in cabs, all other means of transport having failed, and guests having to be served.



# SAVING LONDON FROM STARVATION: IMPORTING FOOD FROM THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES.



1. FOR LONDON'S BREAD: UNLOADING BUTTER FROM CANADA.

2. FROM A VAST ISLAND TO THE LITTLE ISLAND: UNLOADING AUSTRALIAN RABBITS.

5. AWAITING LONDON'S CALL: MUTTON IN A COLD STORE AT THE DOCKS.

2. MEAT FOR LONDON'S TABLE: FROZEN MUTTON COMING DOWN CHUTES AT THE SIDE OF A COLD STORE AT THE DOCKS.

4. RIVALS OF THE LONDON DOCK LABOURER: LASCARS ON A P.-AND-O. STEAMER.

6. FROM THE GREAT DOMINION BEYOND THE SEAS: BARRELS OF APPLES FROM CANADA.

If Paris, in a national and political sense, as is often said, be France, in an even more vital sense London is England. In a more vital sense it is so, indeed, because London is the great heart and nerve centre not only of the British Isles from a commercial point of view, but further from the point of the everyday existence of the people—the great supply emporium and food-centre of the Kingdom. Thus a blow dealt against the carrying trade, export or

import alike, of London means a general shortage of food everywhere else. The effect of the strike at the docks of the Thames-side is felt by the poor labourer of Wiltshire or Herefordshire in the rise of prices in the commodities he depends on for everyday life. The nation exists nowadays to an appreciable extent on its over-sea supplies landing in the Thames, and any check to that involves widespread privation for the community at large.



# THE FOOD SUPPLY THE LONDON STRIKERS CUT OFF: FOREIGN AND COLONIAL PRODUCE AT THE DOCKS.



1. "RAW" MATERIAL FOR THE CUP THAT CHEERS; TEA FROM CHINA.

3. FAST-FLOWING STREAMS OF WHEAT; THE GRAIN PASSING FROM THE HOLD OF A SHIP INTO A BARGE.

4. AT THE ELEVATORS AT THE DOCKS; PACKING SACKS WITH WHEAT FOR CARRIAGE BY RAIL.

2. FROM SINGAPORE; LOADING A BARGE WITH PRESERVED GINGER.

5. BEING DISTRIBUTED INTO ITS PROPER 'BINS,' WHEAT RUNNING ALONG A BAND IN THE ELEVATOR.

Of course, the effect is felt first and with tenfold intensity by those who have to live and work in and round London itself; the six millions of mouths, the inhabitants of the Metropolis—men, women, and children—who depend from day to day on supplies distributed from the London markets for everything they eat—from their beef and mutton, their eggs and fish, to the flour for their bread. One incidental warning that the strike at the docks in

London and among the employees of the carrying agencies—partially settled last week, but again threatening in fresh forms unfortunately—should bring home to all of us, is, what would happen in war-time if our Navy were defeated, with a blockading enemy off the Thames! If a week's strike can do what we have all felt it do, what would happen to the nation in war?



## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S



Best Photo. News Co.  
MR. JACK LONDON,  
Whose new Book, "The Cruise of the  
Snark," is on the Bookstalls.

Queen Elizabeth  
visits St. Paul's in  
state on Nov 24, 1888



to return thanks  
for the victory  
over the Armada



MISS L. G. MOBERLY,  
Author of "Phyllis," now at all the  
Libraries.

## ANDREW LANG ON "PERSECUTION" AND DREAMS.

Dee in Great Britain, and like the *insouciant* Miller in the old song, I dwell "on the banks of" one of them at this moment. Mine is not a very literary river Dee. I have vainly sought in the bookshop of its village for the works of Charles Dickens. Not one did I find, except a rather dusty copy of "Hard Times."

In this shy retreat hints and rumours of literary ructions arrive but slowly, or do not arrive at all. However, in a belated *Spectator* (July 15), I find that I have fallen foul of a review (the *Adult's Magazine* or *Green Person's Dose*, let us call it), on the score of morals and taste. I have never read a line of the assaulted periodical, or a line of the Spectatorial article. But the *Spectator* chivalrously publishes a list of literary gentlemen and ladies, fifty in all, who sign a protest against its comments "as a simple act of persecution."

The *Spectator* replies in the words, "We cannot say that we find the list impressive." Nor do I! In the fifty names of the Remonstrants twenty-three are absolutely unknown to me: I confess it, though in connection with letters not to know them may argue

the opposite party, were the persecutors. But now, when a rough word from a newspaper or a sneer from a scientific serial is all that a fearless seeker for truth and notoriety has to dread, it does seem absurd to talk of "persecution." Let us say it for our ancestors of the good old times that they, men,

did Sir Francis Doyle's "Drunk-en Private in the Buffs," and Sir Alfred Lyall's agnostic in his poem, "Theology in Extremis." They were all Idealists. But now we hear of amiable persons who prefer to keep silence rather than endanger their scientific reputations. Manifestly they are not quite certain of the truth of the opinions which they keep to themselves.

People who tell us about their dreams at breakfast are, almost always, very tedious persons. If I venture to try to narrate my dream of this morning, it is because, quite unlike my every night's dreams, it was, while wholly nonsensical, so extremely vivid. I suspect that people who, in every-day life, "visualise" brilliantly the objects of their thoughts, and positively "see" the persons and events in any story which they may be reading, also dream very vividly. Meanwhile, people who, like myself, see but very dim and shadowy things in their waking mind's eye have also dreams that are shadowy and dim.

I was standing on one of those black wooden piers which, in Japanese coloured prints, overhang depths of clear, green water. In my hand



WHERE THE EX-RULER OF THRACE, EGYPT, SYRIA, AND ASIA ENDED HIS DAYS IN RETIREMENT: THE PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN AT SPALATO—A MODEL, SHOWING THE ADRIATIC FRONTAGE. This very interesting reconstruction in miniature, the work of M. Ernest Hébrard, the architect, with the sculptors, MM. Germain and Châillon, as collaborators, is to be seen in that part of the Rome Exhibition which is housed in the Baths of Diocletian. The scale is one centimetre to the metre. The model is especially interesting when it is remembered that Robert Adam, who, with his brother, invented the famous Adam style, was also fascinated by the Palace, and in 1763 published an important work, "The Ruins of the Palace of Diocletian at Spalato," in which he attempted to reconstitute the building in all its parts.



THE PALACE, SHOWING THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE LEADING TO THE MAUSOLEUM, THE TEMPLE, AND THE EMPEROR'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS.



THE PALACE, SHOWING THE MAUSOLEUM (THE OCTAGONAL BUILDING), AND, OPPOSITE IT, THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

WHERE AN EMPEROR OF ROME "TASTED THE PLEASURE OF CULTIVATING HIS LETTUCES," AFTER HIS ABDICATION: THE PALACE BUILT BY DIOCLETIAN AT SPALATO, DALMATIA—A RECONSTRUCTION IN MINIATURE.

When Diocletian and Maximian had Galerius and Constantius Chlorus as their associates, Diocletian administered Thrace, Egypt, Syria, and Asia; Maximian, Italy, Africa, Sicily, and the islands of the Tyrrhenian Sea; Galerius, Illyricum and the countries of the Danube; and Constantius, Britain, Gaul, and Spain. Diocletian was proclaimed Emperor by the army in 284; in 303 he ordered a general persecution of the Christians throughout the Empire; in 305 he abdicated (compelling Maximian to follow his example) and retired to his native place, Dalmatia. There, at Spalato, he built the magnificent palace whose ruins still exist, and "tasted the pleasure of cultivating his lettuces." He died in 313. The palace measured 215 by 175 metres, and was surrounded by a fortified wall with towers. There were four gates, the chief of which, the Golden Gate, led to a broad thoroughfare, at the end of which was the mausoleum, which is still in existence, the Temple to Jupiter, and the entrance to the Emperor's private apartments.

myself unknown. Concerning the others (except three or four) in a battle fought on the borderland of taste and ethics, I would rather expect to have them against me than on my side. However, the editor of the review who sends the protest to the *Spectator* says that it is "signed by a number of very eminent men of letters"; and the amazing thing is that it is not signed by very many eminent women of letters; so many maids and matrons now lead the assault on the donjon of Castle Virtuous

In any case nobody is likely to get up a counter-protest, signed by other very eminent men of letters, for most people of sense think that on a variety of subjects the less said the better, and that "Camarina is best left unstirred." "Acts of persecution" are apt to justify that most profound aphorism, "Sweet are the uses of advertisement."

It was worth while to be persecuted when persecution meant confiscation, prison, exile, the block, the chop, the stake, the rack, the rope, and so forth. There was some credit in facing persecution when Knox and Cranmer and Calvin, with the well-known experts of

women, and children, were examples of the highest courage. Covenanters or Jesuits, Anabaptists or Unitarians, they went to the stake or to yet more horrible

was one of Mr. Roderick Anderson's six-ounce Dunkeld rods, with fine trout-tackle. I made a cast into the deep, green water with a small pink Wickham's Fancy for my lure. It was seized under water, the rod was pulled down to the surface, the line ran madly out; I had got hold of something extremely heavy, as when you hook a salmon with a light trout-rod, and I awaited the accustomed break.



THE PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN AT SPALATO: THE NORTH-WEST FRONTAGE.

The most decorative part of the building was the façade facing the Adriatic (illustration No. 1). Here was a covered promenade, where the Empress, her daughter, and their attendants took the air on summer evenings. The palace was crowned with terraces, probably used as roof gardens.

tortures with invincible courage, for they were all, on every side, quite certain that they knew the absolute Truth: to deny what they knew was to lie, and they laid their lives down for the point of honour. So

there darted from and gold Japanese fiend, who, with a large brown piece of some soft Eastern fabric in his hands, sprang up at me—and I awoke.



# A STRIKE AS EFFECTIVE AS A BLOCKADING NAVY:

LONDON'S DEPENDENCE ON THE "OUTSIDE" FOR FOOD.



"NOT A MONTH AHEAD OF ITS NECESSITIES": THE FOOD IMPORTS OF LONDON—THEIR DAILY AND YEARLY VALUE.

Many will tell you that London has never more than three days' food in her possession. This is not accurate, as the strike has proved. It is true, however, that, as we are so dependent on the "outside," lack of means of conveyance from the docks and stations, together with a cessation of train and road-service, sufficiently prolonged would starve

London every whit as effectively as a blockading navy might starve the country as a whole. As the "Daily News" pointed out the other day, "London's permanent supply of frozen meat represents about a fortnight's consumption. . . . In other provisions the country is not a month ahead of its necessities." Our figures are from the latest available Blue Book.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. ROBINSON.



# RUNNING THE BLOCKADE: POLICE, WITH TRUNCHEONS DRAWN, CONVOYING A WAGON OVER TOWER BRIDGE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



## DEFYING "PERSUASION" OR "INTIMIDATION"?—GOODS BEING DRIVEN THROUGH THE STRIKERS' LINES IN SAFETY, THANKS TO A STRONG GUARD.

Not content with being volubly idle themselves, the London strikers did their best to bring those who remained at work into their camp. With this object in view, they used methods described by themselves as "persuasion" and by many others as "intimidation," "holding up" wagons, vans, and carts, forbidding them to proceed, and in a number of cases overturning them. Thus police escorts became necessary, and under such convoy certain loads of goods reached their destinations with comparatively little delay. For all that, it has been said with truth that the trade of London was paralysed, and that for a time it seemed as though there would be a serious shortage of provisions, and a consequent considerable rise in prices. In the House of Commons this week, Mr. Lloyd

George, answering a question as to whether the Prime Minister had considered the increased risks to the food-supply of the people owing to dock strikes and other causes, and proposed to take any steps to safeguard a regular supply, said: "The whole question of the improvement of the means available for preventing or shortening industrial warfare is at present engaging the attention of the Prime Minister in conjunction with the President of the Board of Trade." Mr. Winston Churchill said on the same day: "The situation is not yet clear, and if the necessity should arise, all the forces at the disposal of the Government will be employed to preserve peace and to secure the observance of the law and the free working of the supply."





~ LITERATURE ~  
 [The Parchment Fair - St Denis.]  
 18th cent.

### "Three Years in the Lybian Desert."

Our future lies on the sea," said the German Emperor once; but now here is a German explorer, Herr Ewald Falls, author of "Drei Jahre in der Libyschen Wüste"—Three Years in the Lybian Desert—(Herder, Freiburg) whose future equally lies, or at least lay, in the sand. And he explains it in this way. Soon after the discovery of the ruined city of Menas, on the occasion of his second visit to Cairo, he one day came across a whiterobed negro in a huge turban squatting on the ground and spreading out on a small square surface a quantity of fine white sand. Lost in wonder the learned Teuton stopped and asked the Ethiopian what he was doing. "Is the desert itself," he said, "not near enough that you bring it hither, and scatter it on the pavement?" The negro went on with his work, and, scarcely even looking up, replied—"I have been waiting for you, master! In this sand, which you call a desert, lies your future." After some further questions and answers, the Ethiop said—"You are an 'Englis'" (an expression which has now taken the place of "Frank," or Western European), "and you will drink Nile water for three years"; and so on, with more Delphic jargon, in the manner of gypsies, astonishing to the mind of our German explorer. But, as a matter of positive fact, the prophetic negro spoke the truth. In March 1905, Herr Falls (a Hessian, who has dedicated this record of his explorations to his own Grand Duke as the "exalted Patron of All Sciences and Arts"), started on his expedition to the Lybian Desert, and it was December 1908 before he returned home with the results of his Schliemann-like excavations among the ruins of Menas. For this kind of work the Germans have a consuming passion and a surpassing talent, and their scholars are never happier than when trying to decipher Assyrian manuscripts, or boring their way through the buried cities of Egypt. To some Germans the discovery of a temple would give more delight than the acquisition of a colony, though the Flottenverein does not recruit its ranks exclusively from archaeologists of this kind. Still, they ought to be proud of the dis-entombing achievements of Herr Falls, whose excavations have been pronounced by the highest authorities—in Germany—to be the most important disclosures in the field of early Christian history since De Rossi's discovery and exploration of the Catacombs in Rome. One illustration is a cartoon showing "the German Sultan (Kaiser) as friend of Orientals." As for the rest of his photographs—nearly two hundred of them—they are all just as interesting as they are well executed, and are in themselves so instructive as almost to spare the reader the trouble of perusing the explorer's text.

Why Napoleon was Crowned. Excellently timed in this Coronation year of ours, deeply fascinating in its mode of telling, and no less instructive, is the story set forth in M. Frédéric Masson's masterly addition to the library of Napoleonic literature that his pen has created. Why Napoleon could not dispense with a Papal crowning, how the idea arose, what was in his mind in insisting on it, and how the marvellous ceremony of Notre Dame was stage-managed—that is M. Masson's theme in his latest book just published in England, "Napoleon and his Coronation, as Translated from the French by Mr. Frederick Cobb" (Fisher Unwin). It was, to employ the author's own

language, "an attempt on the part of Napoleon to substitute a sort of divine right in the place of the democratic right which had raised him up. Because he was crowned by the Pope, Napoleon considered that he

anointed of the Lord, and that if his Empire had not received Divine institution, it did not fall short of it. It cannot be said that he believed this, but he meant at least to have it believed, and, indeed, the border is so quickly crossed between the spreading and believing of illusions that it may be questioned whether it was not in this case passed." How he entirely miscalculated the opinion of foreign nations and the older potentates, and the futility of the effect of the Pope's action on a Europe comprehending the Catholics of Vienna, the Lutherans of Berlin, the Orthodox of St. Petersburg, the Anglicans of Great Britain, as M. Masson tellingly shows, makes indeed a story well worth telling and remembering. Add to this that the book from cover to cover is crammed with "life-interest" and the most varied lore—describing the extraordinary diplomatic negotiations, the Pope's difficulties and manœuvres, and the fullest details as to the coronation ceremony itself, even down to the popular songs inspired by the event and the bills of the jewellers and Court dressmakers for the uniforms and robes of State—take it all in all, M. Masson's English version of his French *magnum opus*, "Le Sacre de Napoléon," is a masterpiece worthy of its author. There are seven illustrations by Félicien Myrbach.



IN THE "LAND RICH IN DONKEYS," THE DSCHEBEL EL-BELED OF THE HILL-TOWN OF SIWAH AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Reproduced from Herr J. C. Ewald Falls' "Drei Jahre in der Libyschen Wüste"; by Permission.

was clothed with an ineffaceable character and that he had become a Sovereign equal to all other Sovereigns; that, as such, he was above criticism; that he was the

Harrison Ainsworth. In his two volumes on "William Friends" (Lane), Mr. S. M. Ellis has devoted more than eight hundred pages of print to a writer whose merits he overestimates. It would be churlish of us to depreciate a sensational "historical novelist" who gave so much pleasure to our boyhood; but—eight hundred pages!

It is true that Ainsworth, in his seventy-seven years of life, had met, and in some cases known intimately, the great writers of his day. But the literary history of Victorian England cannot be made to centre round the author of "The Tower of London" (and thirty-nine other romances). Ainsworth, in his youth, met Sir Walter Scott and corresponded with Charles Lamb (who disappointed him at their first meeting by turning out to be "a regular cockney"); later on he was one of the first to see merit in Robert Browning; and he seems to have discovered Mrs. Henry Wood, "Quida," and Mrs. Lynn Linton. But most of the letters now printed

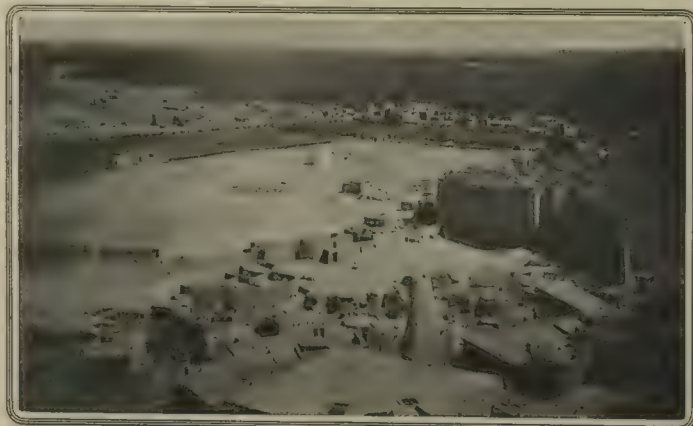
are very small beer, and the record of his friendship with Dickens and Thackeray, while it gives interest to some of Mr. Ellis's chapters, reveals little that is new about those two authors. Ainsworth was a loyal son of Manchester, and is at his best as a Lancashire novelist. Bred to the law, he dabbled in journalism from his school days, and soon made a place for himself when he came to London. He was a very handsome young man, abundantly aware of the fact. As a young buck he moved in the set of D'Orsay and Lady Blessington, and his early tone about women when he was a bachelor was—shall we say nauseating, or merely second-rate? The man who revived the custom of the Dunmow Flitch did not succeed in making his own wife happy. Mr. Ellis goes out of his way to repeat cruel gossip about more than one lady (and that in unnecessary footnotes) which is odd in a biographer who recognises and observes the necessity of great discretion as regards his own hero's private affairs. There is little literary criticism in these volumes, but much tedious detail about the business side of the literary life.



THE ANCIENT SEAT OF THE ORACLE OF JUPITER AMMON: THE HILL-TOWN OF SIWAH AS IT WAS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Siwah, which is below the sea-level and an oasis in the desert of north-eastern Africa, comprises the town of Siwah and several lakes. Anciently it was the seat of the Oracle of Jupiter Ammon, and was known as Ammonium. Were it not for malaria, it would be an earthly paradise: as it is, it is habitable only during four of the winter months. Poets have called it "the land rich in donkeys," but have ignored the camels and oxen which dwell there also, and, for example, the dates, olives, maize, corn, sugar cane, basil, pepper, and tobacco, which flourish there. Very many dates are exported; the other things are insufficient to fill the needs of their growers. At Siwah are remains of the Temple of Ammon and the Fountain of the Sun.

Reproduced from Herr J. C. Ewald Falls' "Drei Jahre in der Libyschen Wüste," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Herr R. Herder, of 68, Great Russell Street, W.C.



WERE IT NOT FOR MALARIA, AN EARTHLY PARADISE: THE VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS OF SIWAH.

Reproduced from Herr J. C. Ewald Falls' "Drei Jahre in der Libyschen Wüste"; by Permission.



# THE LIVERPOOL STRIKE: ARMED ESCORTS FOR PERISHABLE GOODS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU AND C.N.



1. PREVENTING BREWERS' DRAYS FALLING INTO THE HANDS OF THE STRIKERS; THE VEHICLES ESCORTED BY MOUNTED POLICE BETWEEN LIME STREET AND THE DOCKS.

2. GUARDING A NECESSARY OF LIFE: MOUNTED POLICE CONVOYING A MILK-CART THROUGH LIVERPOOL STREETS.

3. ON DUTY IN A SERIOUS INDUSTRIAL WAR: SCOTS GREYS ESCORTING A PROCESSION OF VEHICLES AT LIVERPOOL.

As we have had occasion to remark on another page, Liverpool found it advisable to provide armed escorts for vehicles containing goods, and witnessed more than one remarkable scene in consequence. The work was performed by mounted and foot police, by men of the Warwickshire Regiment, and by troopers of the Scots Greys. Accompanying two processions were magistrates prepared to read the Riot Act, which indemnifies authorities from liability for

injuries caused after it has been read. This runs: "Our Sovereign Lord the King chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably to depart to their habitations or to their lawful business upon the pains contained in the Act made in the first year of King George (I.) for preventing tumultuous and riotous assemblies, God Save the King."



# RESTLESS LABOUR IN LIVERPOOL: MOB LAW AT ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEAPORTS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Aug. 19, 1911.—310

AS MANY ENGLISHMEN SAW IT: MOUNTED AND FOOT POLICE AND MEN OF THE WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT ESCORTING WAGONS IN LIVERPOOL.

In Liverpool, as in London, it was speedily found necessary to provide escorts for lorries and other wagons, carts and vans, for the mood of the strikers and their sympathisers was by no means conciliatory. On the Friday of last week four hundred officers and men of the 2nd Battalion of the Warwickshire Regiment were brought from Seaforth that they might convoy provisions. Each man was furnished with twenty rounds of ball cartridges. Thanks to their presence, it was possible to free many

wagons from the railway goods depôts, to which pickets had confined them. On the following day, some 600 tons of food-stuffs were taken through the streets under the protection of soldiers and police—fifty Scots Greys, armed with sabres, carbines, and ball cartridges, a detachment of the Warwickshires, a hundred mounted and two or three hundred foot police. Accompanying the procession were two magistrates armed with the Riot Act; and plain-clothes officers sat on the wagons.



UNCOMPLAINING LABOUR IN LIVERPOOL: TOILERS AT ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEAPORTS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY VICTOR TARDIEU.



AS A FRENCH ARTIST SAW IT: "LE PORT DE LIVERPOOL," BY VICTOR TARDIEU.

News of the serious labour troubles in Liverpool and the street-fighting accompanying them gives particular interest to this impression of the Port of Liverpool by the distinguished French artist M. Victor Tardieu. The picture was hung in the 1906 Salon of the Société des Artistes Français, and aroused considerable comment.

Its painter won the Prix National and three years' travel in 1902. M. Tardieu would probably find it difficult to reconcile the uncomplaining toilers of whom his brush has taken toll with those restless workers who have sought to place one of the greatest seaports of the world under mob-law.





## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WHAT IS A SPECIES?

THERE is probably no term which, employed equally in science and in common life, is more frequently used than the word "species." Most of us possess a general idea of the meaning of the phrase. We think of its indicating animals and plants of the same "kind." When creatures still resemble each other in a general way, but at the same time exhibit certain points of divergence—say in size, colour, and other particulars—we say they are of different "species," though they may belong to the same larger group, which last we call a "genus." Thus there are different "species" of rats, as we all know—the black, the brown, and so forth; and the ordinary mice are also to be regarded as of different kind from the rats, though rats and mice alike in ordinary zoological classification belong to the same genus to which the name *Mus* is given. The second of the two names given to every animal and plant is that of the species. Thus *mus rattus* is the common rat, and *mus decumanus* the mouse. The horses and asses belong to the same genus, *Equus*; but the horse is *Equus caballus*, and the ass *Equus asinus*.

Darwin's monumental work, "The Origin of Species," deals with the evolutionary aspect of the relationships we have just noted. The crucial point was whether each species was separately created as we find it, or whether the likenesses, and of course the differences, between them were due to a common origin, variation—a great fact of Nature—operating to evolve the special features peculiar to each kind. This is evolution in a nutshell. If we admit variation as a great principle constantly represented in all living beings to a greater or less extent, then we can account for the varied universe of life around us—a universe which, in Darwin's words, could have been gradually evolved in the past ages from a few simple and primitive forms to start with. The fact that the highest and lowest living forms alike begin their existence in a simple shape, as masses of protoplasm, seems eloquent enough testimony in favour of the idea of this primitive ancestry. Zoologists and botanists, however, were not long in discovering that Nature put certain limits to specific variations. Operating through the ages by slow degrees, as a rule, we have had variation giving us

endless new species as the results of modification of the old. To-day our period of observation is too short to allow us to witness the process on a big scale; we can only trace its operation in a limited field. But even our limitations are eloquent enough of the constant changes to which the children of life are subject.

One test of specific distinctness which was formerly relied upon as a kind of biological touchstone wherewith to mark off one species from another, was that of fertility. The members of each species breed freely among themselves, and the young reproduce the features of their parents. When mated with individuals of a nearly related species, fertility resulted, but only in a limited degree. If species A mated with species B, the

productive when fertilised by the pollen of other species than when fertilised with their own. Evidently the limits of successful hybridisation are highly elastic, and every gardener can testify to this fact. If the rearing of a race of fertile hybrids is not always or often possible, we may assume we have not mastered the special conditions under which Nature herself operates in the commingling of species. Of course, slow variation of a species to evolve therefrom a new one, is not a case quite parallel with that of hybrid production. We may elect to believe that the failure of hybrids as fertile units, represents one of life's tendencies—centripetal, in fact—to maintain specific characters. Variation, on the other hand, is centrifugal in action. It tends to modify the species and to cause it to depart from its type to form new races.

I have been led to select the subject of species for discussion through reading recently an astounding newspaper paragraph entitled "Half cat, Half hare." The item, hailing, significantly enough, from Crete, purports to give an account of an animal which is called a "kitten leveret." A person found a hare, accompanied by his cat, which bore in her mouth a charming little kitten leveret, which she laid at his feet, and which he took home with him. This mystic creature "has the head and paws of a cat, but all the rest of the body is hare, not only in form but in the quality and colour of the fur. The mixture of the father and mother in its walk and leaps is most remarkable." We are not told whether this astonishing animal has a well-developed tail or not, but I think the description could apply quite as distinctly to a Manx cat, even to the long hind legs and the manner of walking, as to the utterly silly and absurd idea that two animals, so far removed as a carnivore and a rodent, could breed together. It would be just as likely that we should get a "cross" betwixt an elephant and a whale! The fact is people are unduly given to accept such fairy tales as possibilities, or, indeed, as frequent occurrences, in nature. Having regard to what has been said of the difficulties of inter-breeding between blood-related species, there can be no hesitation in denouncing all such accounts as that I have quoted either as inventions or as mistaken interpretations. And, by the way, what became of the hare?

ANDREW WILSON.



BUILT FLAT ON THE GROUND: A REINFORCED-CONCRETE CHURCH AFTER THE SECTIONS HAD BEEN RAISED AND JOINED TOGETHER.

"On the foundation wall (we quote the "Scientific American") and on piles inside of the building-lot are set a series of jacks made of steel. These jacks consist of a supporting carriage, a pivoted walking beam, and a collapsible screw driven by a worm gear and worm. A platform is laid on the jacks and on this platform are set in their proper relative positions all door frames, window frames, and other openings. The concrete is poured around the opening thus established. The reinforcement is easily and properly placed horizontally and vertically, because the wall resembles a great draughting board

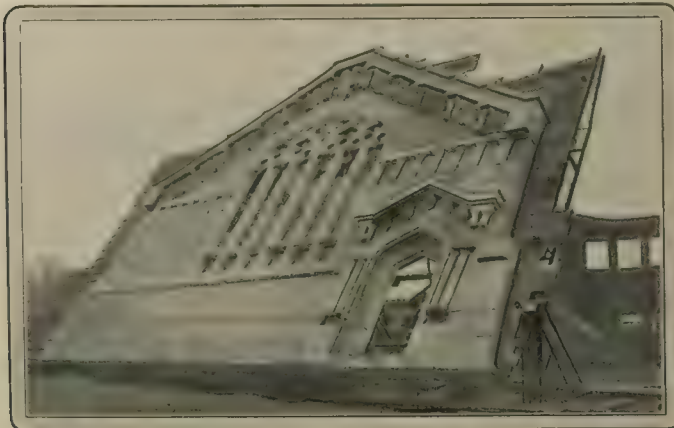
By Courtesy of the "Scientific American."

(Continued below.)

result was a "hybrid" C. The mule represents such a hybrid between horse and ass; but very soon the fertility of hybrids, it was said, comes to an end, and the hybrid race dies out, being incapable of continuous reproduction. The infertility of the hybrid was regarded as Nature's mode of preventing what the old naturalists called confusion of species. But more extended observation shows there are all degrees of fertility to be found represented not only among species, but also in hybrids. Botanists tell us that in certain cases there are plants more

as likely that we should get a "cross" betwixt an elephant and a whale! The fact is people are unduly given to accept such fairy tales as possibilities, or, indeed, as frequent occurrences, in nature. Having regard to what has been said of the difficulties of inter-breeding between blood-related species, there can be no hesitation in denouncing all such accounts as that I have quoted either as inventions or as mistaken interpretations. And, by the way, what became of the hare?

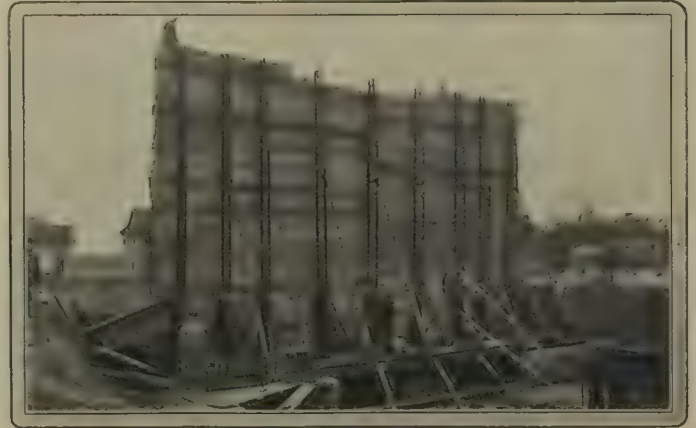
ANDREW WILSON.



AFTER HAVING BEEN BUILT FLAT ON THE GROUND, A WALL OF THE CHURCH BEING RAISED INTO POSITION BY MEANS OF JACKS.

and is very readily "laid out." The entire wall is poured at once, which can be done in a single day, even though the wall be 200 feet long and three stories high. After the wall is finished, it is allowed to set for forty-eight hours; then a small gasoline engine or electric motor is connected with the driving shaft, and the wall rises from the inside slowly and quietly to its permanent vertical position. When all the walls are in place the corners where reinforcements from either wall project and interlock are poured, and we have a complete monolithic, well finished structure. Floors and roof of concrete or of any construction desired are put in place in the same way as in any other building. No forms are used whatsoever in this wall construction except the wooden jack platform, which is never destroyed, but is used over and over again. An air space can be made merely by filling in with loose sand, which is riddled out when the concrete sets and the wall is partially raised."

By Courtesy of the "Scientific American."



AFTER THE CONCRETE HAD HAD FORTY-EIGHT HOURS IN WHICH TO SET, RAISING THE WALL OF THE CHURCH—VIEW OF THE BACK OF THE PLATFORM.



## LIGHTNING IN THE HOME: A FEARSOME ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRADENWITZ.



MADE BY THE SCIENTIST WHO SAID HE COULD LIGHT NEW YORK BY ELECTRICITY WITHOUT THE AID OF WIRES:  
A GIANT "SPARK" IN MR. NIKOLA TESLA'S LABORATORY.

The fearsome electrical discharge photographed is not as formidable as it looks: indeed, as a glance at the Illustration will show, it is possible to sit quite close to it in safety. It is created at will in the Long Island laboratory of Mr. Nikola Tesla, the electrician and inventor who announced some years ago that he had a system by which he could supply power and electric light for all New York from a distance without the aid of wires. Mr. Tesla,

it may be noted, was born in Servia in 1857, the son of a priest of the Greek Church, and for a time was in the Government Telegraph Engineering Department. From that he passed to Paris for a year, leaving there in 1882 for the United States. For a while he was in the workshops of Thomas Alva Edison. He was educated, it is interesting to note, at Karlstadt Realschule, and studied science at Gratz Polytechnic, at Prague, and at Buda-Pesth.



## THE REMODELLING OF HISTORY.

## &amp; THE REALISATION OF LEGEND.

## VI.—JERABLUS.

IT is written twice in the Old Testament that there was a strong city, Carchemish, on Euphrates, when Pharaoh Necho fought with Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon; but in records of much earlier times we read of the place as a stronghold of the Hatti or Hittites. The Egyptians reached Carchemish, on a march to the Far North (as the North seemed to them), even before the Hittites established themselves there; for, as we have lately learned indisputably from the Boghaz Keui tablets, it was not till the early part of the 14th century B.C. that the Cappadocian Hatti poured over Taurus to stay. Thereafter all North-Eastern Syria came to be known as Hatti Land, and so the cuneiform texts call it from the first expansion of the Ninevites westward to Euphrates, under Tiglath Pileser I., about 1100 B.C., down to the days of Nebuchadnezzar. In this Hatti Land, Carchemish always appears as the chief city, the first attacked or summoned to render tribute, the richest in loot of all kinds; and moreover, as a place of much trade, for a weight-measure, used throughout Mesopotamia, was known as the *maneh* of Carchemish.

As soon as Hittite history and antiquities began to attract attention, scholars discussed the probable site of Carchemish. It was evidently on the west bank of Euphrates, not so very far from Aleppo, but south of Taurus. A large riverside site had been known at a place called Jerablus ever since the end of the seventeenth century; and when Hittite remains were reported there in the early 'seventies it is not surprising that the British Museum organised a tentative exploration of its great mounds. This exploration was not very satisfactorily carried out, but it

PROBABLY CALLED ISHARA BY THE HITTITES;  
THE NUDE GODDESS OF SYRIA.

of a mile long and rises a hundred and thirty feet above mean water-level.



THE RUINS OF JERABLUS, THE CARCHEMISH OF THE HITTITES;  
THE REMAINS OF A COLONNATED STREET OF THE LATER CITY.

It is magnificently placed, just at the head of a majestic curve of the river, which sweeps down in flood time nearly a mile broad. Landward it looks over a broad, fertile plain, dotted with mounds and bounded by an arc of hills, which shining reaches of the Euphrates subtend. The view is all bare and treeless now, but one of the most attractive that I know, by reason of the changing lights under the desert sky and the unfailing fascination of the river.

The excavators have found that the earliest town, pre-Hittite and a *fortiori* pre-Assyrian, lay by the Euphrates bank on a rocky knoll which is the basis of the actual Acropolis. Its inhabitants had hardly got beyond the

erection of their own. Brick-stamps show that the conqueror

which they burnished with pebble-polishers and decorated with incised designs. But they were beginning to know bronze implements and to paint their vases when the Cappadocian Hittites came down upon them. These built a fortress above the ruins of the early settlement, raising the mound somewhat, and at its landward foot constructed a royal residence. A broad flight of stone stairs led up to the Acropolis, and was approached by a spacious roadway lined with monumental reliefs and inscriptions in the peculiar Hittite script.

The Jerablus stones already in the British Museum are parts of this lining of stairs and road, and to them must now be added a dozen or more great sculptured slabs—records apparently of the exploits of a king, who appears seated before the nude goddess of his people, with an inscription by his head. On another big slab, decorated with sixteen hands, signifying probably the number of the vanquished cities or tribes, and with three heads of royal captives, he has written what is doubtless the story of the war; and this, the longest Hittite inscription in relief yet found, we may hope to read some day when a bilingual in cuneiform gives us the key to the Hittite script. Thus far no such bilingual has appeared, though Jerablus, site of a capital on the frontiers of the two scripts, should produce one, if one there ever was. Several fragments of cuneiform monuments have, indeed, come to light already to encourage hope.

Upon the Hittites descended in due time the Assyrians. They first wrecked and then repaired the great stairway and palace, and over the Hittite fortress piled up a huge brick



BUILT BY THE HITTITES AND RESTORED BY THE ASSYRIANS;  
THE STAIRWAY TO THE ACROPOLIS.

yielded results which went far to confirm the identification of the place with the long-lost Carchemish, and enriched our national collection with some ten of the best Hittite reliefs and inscriptions then known. For want of proper records, however, the excavation did not equally enrich science, and it long remained an obvious duty of the British Museum to resume and extend its exploration of Jerablus.

Such a resumption it has at last been able to undertake. Three years ago I was sent to prospect the place, and when at last permission to excavate was granted by the Ottoman Government, I was commissioned to begin the campaign in the early spring of this year. I stayed six weeks on the site, and then handed over the direction to Mr. Campbell Thompson. Digging has thus been going on at Jerablus for some four months, and already we know a great deal more about the southern capital of the Hittites than has been known since it passed out of history.

Jerablus is immense, as Syrian sites go, both in area and bulk. The space enclosed by walls, which for most of their circuit still stand over twenty feet high, is nearly two miles in circumference, and yet is, perhaps, only the royal city, outside of which the habitations of the commoner folk spread themselves far over the plain. The Acropolis mound, which is at the north-west of the circuit, right above Euphrates, is about a quarter



WHERE NEBUCHADNEZZAR AND NECHO OF EGYPT FOUGHT, CARCHEMISH, THE SOUTHERN CAPITAL OF THE HITTITES—LOOKING LANDWARD OVER THE SITE OF JERABLUS.

Carchemish, at the ferry between Haran and Syria, has been identified with Jerablus (Hierapolis) in the north of Syria, on the west bank of the Euphrates. It was under the walls of Carchemish that Nebuchadnezzar and Necho of Egypt fought that battle in which Egypt suffered decisive defeat by Western Asia. That was in 605 B.C.



THE LARGEST OF THE JERABLUS SLABS: TWO WINGED GODS  
STANDING ON A CROUCHING LION.

erection of their own. Brick-stamps show that the conqueror in 717 B.C., Sargon III., took a hand in this erection. His Prefect seems to have had successors down to the dawn of the Persian epoch; but thereafter was desolation, till successors of Alexander or forerunners of Roman occupants resettled the place, in part, to be followed by a much more general settlement under the early Byzantine rule. A great temple rose on the summit of the mound, and a town with broad colonnaded streets was laid out below. By what name it was known is uncertain. It fell at last into ruins, was again used for mean habitations by mediæval Arabs, and then was abandoned to the jackals.

If the British Museum cannot hope to explore the whole of so vast, deep, and remote a site, its enterprise this year has both let in a flood of light on the darkness of the southern Hittites and enriched science with most important monuments of a rare class, whose publication will excite the keenest interest of ancient historians. Would that we were better able to read the new inscriptions, of which, whether in relieved or incised characters, over half a hundred had been found before I left Carchemish, and more yet, as well as new and finer sculptures, have been brought to light by my successor.

D. G. HOGARTH.



## A DISASTER OF THE DROUGHT: FIGHTING A HEATH FIRE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. W. KOEKKOEK.



A SCENE SUGGESTIVE OF "MACBETH": SOLDIERS BEATING DOWN THE BLAZING "BUSH" WITH THE BRANCHES OF TREES.  
NEAR ELSTEAD, SURREY.

The prolonged drought has brought with it many serious heath fires, notably in Surrey. The origin of these is generally carelessness or spontaneous combustion. They spread in the dry weather with startling rapidity. In the case illustrated, as in others, troops from Aldershot, who were manœuvring in the neighbourhood, did splendid work, performing very willingly a thankless task. Our Artist writes: "There is no regular 'fall in' or parade of the units engaged; but parties are told off to the nearest belt of firs or other trees, and at once tear down branches. Armed with these, they open out and attack the nearest fire, rushing in as soon as a puff of wind drives the smoke and flame away

from them, and retreating when the fire is again blown towards them. The job is most arduous, and the men can only work at it for a few minutes at a time. When they fall out 'reserves' take their places. The troops have saved many valuable properties in this manner, and by making clearings. Extremely weird and uneasy was the intermittent crackling and popping of hundreds of cartridges which had been dropped on the ground during manœuvres." Does not the scene, with the soldiers armed with the branches of trees, suggest "Macbeth"?—"Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him."



# THE COSTLIEST CURE; AND DISASTER BY WIND, WAVE, AND FIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RECORD PRESS, MITTNER, C.N., AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE COSTLIEST CURE IN THE WORLD: THE DISC WHICH HOLDS £800 WORTH OF RADIUM, A QUANTITY ALMOST INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.

The Radium Institute opened its doors, without flourish of trumpet, on Monday last, and thus began what it is hoped will be a long and successful career. It starts, as we noted last week, magnificently equipped with about half a teaspoonful of radium, the almost priceless substance whose curative powers it was founded to exploit. The disc illustrated holds about forty milligrammes of radium—about £800 worth.



WHERE A MILLIONTH PART OF A POUND OF RADIUM CAN BE WEIGHED, IN THE BALANCING-ROOM OF THE RADIUM INSTITUTE.



A TORPEDO-BOAT LIFTED ASHORE BY A TIDAL WAVE: AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE IN TOKIO.

Tokio was visited by a great typhoon and tidal wave on the 28th of July. A torpedo-boat, which was moored in the basin of the Navigation School (now ten feet above water level), was lifted ashore by the tidal wave; while dredgers and barges were borne 2500 feet from the dredging works to the centre of a main thoroughfare, which they blocked completely.



A RESULT OF THE TYPHOON AND TIDAL WAVE AT TOKIO: BARGES CARRIED 2500 FEET INTO A STREET.



TURNED TURTLE: THE BRITISH NAVAL HYDROPLANE AFTER "TAKING A HEADER" AT BARROW.

The hydroplane with which experiments have been carried out at Barrow "took a header" while undergoing trials the other day and turned turtle. Commander Schwann, of the "Hermione," its owner, was thrown out of the seat into the water, but, fortunately, was unhurt and able to swim to safety. The hydroplane is intended to act as a combination flying-machine and motor-boat, and is for use from a ship at sea. It is fitted with aluminium floats, and 30-h.p. turbines.—The boiler explosion on the steamer "Gutenberg," of the Köln-Düsseldorfer Rhine service, took place at Rotterdam last week. Three people were killed, and several badly injured; and many windows of factories on the quayside were shattered.



THE RESULT OF A FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION: THE TORN AND TWISTED "GUTENBERG" AT ROTTERDAM.



## A New Lease of Health

"The wonders brought about by this preparation are no less manifold than amazing."

So writes a well-known physician in *The Medical Press and Circular*—one of fourteen thousand doctors who have testified to the value of Sanatogen in various kinds of weakness, loss of nerve-power, impaired digestion, brain-fag, sleeplessness, and general debility.

Sanatogen, the tonic food with lasting effects, has given a new lease of health to more than a million sufferers, including many of the most distinguished people in the land.

"Sanatogen certainly restored me to health in the worst nervous breakdown I ever had," writes Madame Sarah Grand, the well-known novelist and authoress of "The Heavenly Twins." And Dr. Andrew Wilson says: "Recovering from influenza and suffering from severe weakness, I gave Sanatogen a fair trial, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health."

## Nerve Power Restored

"In cases of weakness or exhaustion of the nervous system," says *The General Practitioner*, "Sanatogen will often effect a cure."

The reason for Sanatogen's great efficacy in nervous disorders has been pointed out by no less an authority than Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., etc., who states: "Sanatogen is an excellent nerve food, containing a large amount of organic phosphorus in exactly the form in which it can be easily absorbed."

## Fresh Vigour and Strength

But Sanatogen does more than revivify the nervous system. It also builds up the muscular tissues and has a beneficial effect upon every organ of the body. As Lady Henry Somerset says, "When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the soft flabby flesh is replaced by hard muscle and the whole human machinery is made fit for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner."

## Write for a Free Sample

All who feel run down, weary and depressed—Nature's warning of nervous debility—should write to-day for a free sample of Sanatogen to the manufacturers, Messrs. A. Wulff & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C. Kindly mention this paper and enclose two penny stamps to cover postage. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, price 1/9d. to 9/6d.



"I have watched the effects of Sanatogen upon persons suffering from various kinds of weakness and loss of nerve-power, and I have proved it to be most valuable."—Lady Henry Somerset.

## Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco



He who would disparage "Three Nuns" has either never smoked it or else he is sadly lacking in a perception for all that means real luxury to the smoker.

"King's Head" is similar, but stronger.

Both are sold at 6d. per oz.

## 'THREE NUNS' CIGARETTES

Three Nuns' (Handmade)  
have been reduced to

4<sup>d</sup>. for 10

A New Cigarette! . . .  
'Three Nuns' (Medium)

3<sup>d</sup>. for 10

No. 57.





## LADIES' PAGE.

"DO not forget your cat while you are on your holiday" is the warning that is annually issued, with too much reason, by the R.S.P.C.A. The humane injunction is wittily paraphrased in our sister-journal, the *Sketch*, in this parody of a well-known verse—

Black cat, white cat, cat of a Persian breed,  
Common tabby, or tortoiseshell, they're all the same for that;  
All of them want their saucer of milk, their regular daily feed;  
You can't let them starve when you're away, so don't forget  
your cat!

It is true the pussy is adventurous and self-reliant, and will do the best she can for herself, but in civilisation there is but little chance for her if she is not assisted by the people who have chosen to make themselves responsible for her existence. There is a delightful story in the Wyatt family papers of the fifteenth century, of how a cat of that time could not only find nourishment for herself, but, like Elijah's ravens, feed a poor captive. The hero of the story is Sir Henry Wyatt, a Lancastrian leader in the Wars of the Roses, and the father of the Tudor poet, Thomas Wyatt. The old record says: "He was imprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower of the Tower of London, where he had neither bed to lie upon, nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat enough for his mouth. He would have starved there had not God sent this—his country's martyr—a cat both to warm and feed him. A cat came down into the dungeon one day, and as it were offered herself to him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm her, and, by making much of her, won her love. After this, she would come to him at divers times every day, and when she could get one would bring him a pigeon," which the keeper would dress for the poor captive. So Sir Henry Wyatt, the tale ends, "ever after made much of cats," and "you will never find his picture without his cat beside him." The cat is notoriously disinterested and devoted. Is she not proverbially the lonely, unattractive, poor old woman's friend? How many chronic invalids will read these lines and remember with a thankful sigh how devoted is the attention, how constant the presence, of their cats by the sick couch. The dog—a nice fellow enough, but too volatile and promiscuous, too much everybody's friend—is often seduced away from a sick or sorry master by gay companions. Silent, reserved and stately, the cat in the same case abides long and quietly in the sad chamber, and shows infinite patience and unfailing devotion. If you do not know this to be true, either you have not needed or have not deserved to find such qualities in a cat. Well—the desertion of so tender-hearted a friend to starvation is an infamy, no less—so remember pussy!

This hot summer has revived the popularity of "a dip" in the sea, and hundreds of thousands of people are bathing every day round our coast, and derive undoubted benefit from doing so. Girls are apt to stop far too long in the water. Probably half an hour is the



A MORNING COSTUME BY THE SEA.

The coat and skirt are in striped linen or flannel, piped and trimmed with black; chip hat with large "Maggie" silk bow.

outside limit for nearly everybody, and too long for average strength of heart; yet I met a girl the other day who had been over two hours in the water off a pier-head—a mistaken strain on her youthful vitality, for which heart and lungs will perhaps one day have a heavy debt to pay. Doctors of past times used to maintain, however, that the real value of sea-bathing lay in the sea-water thereby swallowed. Indeed, they used the highly chemicalised water of the ocean just as the waters of inland spas are still employed—the patient was ordered to swallow at fixed intervals of set and deliberate purpose a nauseous draught of the water. The evidence remains that all scrofulous and tuberculous complaints, and many skin diseases (including a muddy or spotted complexion), and all complaints, in short, that need an "alterative" course of treatment, were better "dealt with" by the properties in the salt ocean than by a concoction of the chemist's art.

Old literature contains numerous records of this practically forgotten yet most easily accessible and really scientific form of treatment. For instance, in the *Life of Lackington* the bookseller, he remarks on the folly of a number of people whom he saw at the seaside, under their doctors' orders "to come for a month, and to bathe every other day, and on the intermediate days to drink half-a-pint of the sea-water in the course of the day," but who imagined that they could produce the desired effect and hasten the cure by drinking instead a pint of sea-water every day for a fortnight. "My rooms commanding a view of the sea," he says, in 1791, "I have noticed many decent-looking men going down to the beach three or four times in as many hours and drinking a pint of the water each time. I have made the same observation at Margate, Brighton, Eastbourne, and other places." It is really a dreadful idea deliberately to gulp down such a "cure"; but at least, when you bathe, you need not do your utmost to avoid swallowing some of the sea; on the contrary, take old Neptune's forced drinks kindly, for lo! the chances are that these will be the most beneficial item of your holiday—and especially good for the complexion.

Another old and simple aid to health, a thoroughly agreeable one this time, is the lemon. Fortunately this health-giving fruit is to be had in abundance at a low price. The liver that troubles many people when at the sea-side is much assisted by taking the juice of a lemon in a little hot water night and morning. Gouty people cannot take ordinary mineral acids, but fruit acids, of which the lemon is the best, are quite another matter, they undergo an alteration from the digestive fluids that makes the fruit juice beneficial. To snuff up sea-water and drink hot lemonade is spoken of by one old authority as a perfectly certain cure for an on-coming cold. Perhaps these simples of ancient repute really are, after all, of as much use as modern "serums" extracted from diseased animals to restore the health of human beings.

FILOMENA.

## A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT THAT IS UNIQUE.

Try for a moment and think how you would describe the most inspiring music you ever heard, whether it was some magnificent organ recital or a rare performance by some famous orchestra. You will appreciate then something of the nature of a unique musical instrument that is almost impossible to describe in words.

## THE ÆOLIAN ORCHESTRELLE

Think of your being able after dinner at night to go into your drawing-room, sit down at an instrument, and—without the slightest knowledge of music—produce the finest classic ever composed.

Or, if it better suits your mood, render the full score of the delightful musical comedy you may have enjoyed the previous evening—playing it, perhaps, better than the orchestra played it.

Think of being able by a slight movement of the hand to command a flute or cornet solo with violin accompaniment in true virtuoso style. And, at will, to bring in the full orchestration of a score of pieces—each one in harmony with its fellows.

Think of doing this *yourself*—interpreting the music as a master interprets—actually creating the most exquisite harmony known to mankind.

All this, and more, is possible with the Æolian Orchestrelle, for, besides affording you personally—and every member of your

family—the music which most appeals to you, it provides you with entertainment for your friends such as is rare indeed.

It makes available in your own home all the musical enjoyment for which you have had to seek outside. It gives you a mastery of *many* instruments without a moment's time spent in study, where others have spent years in acquiring the same mastery over *one*.

And this creative power that the Æolian Orchestrelle affords will mean to you greater pleasure—because it means more *enduring* pleasure—than would almost any other means of enjoyment that is purchasable.

It is because we realise the limits of description that we urge you to visit Æolian Hall and convince yourself.

A fuller description will be sent if you will write for Catalogue 5.



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—Dickens.

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and the hottest sunshine will not burn or redden. No briny breeze will cause discomfort. Exposure will not tan your delicate skin. You will appreciate the delicious feeling of refreshing coolness which this fragrant, non-greasy Cream leaves. It can be used anytime, as it vanishes instantly and is seen only in its beautifying effect on your face or hands.

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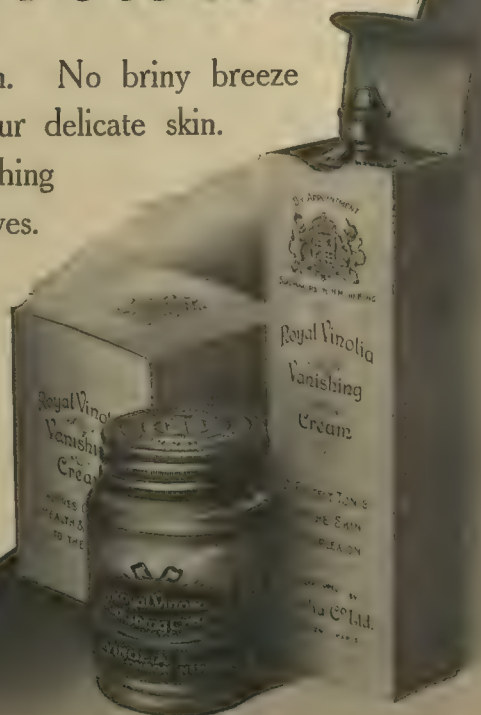
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R. V. 76—39





## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

WHILE the A.A. and M.U. are endeavouring to persuade cyclists to adopt Reflex lights for their own protection to the extent of scattering several thousand of these fittings broadcast, the R.A.C., who a year ago carried out a series of practical and exhaustive tests of the various lights of the kind upon the market, are, through the agency of their associated clubs, undertaking an active campaign to urge and encourage the carriage of these lights upon all horse-drawn vehicles. Experiments to ascertain the best style of fitting for farm-carts and other vehicles having been made, a number of these Reflex lights have been sent to the clubs who are seeking to gain the interest and influence of the county authorities, the Farmers' Associations, and so on. The County Council of Hampshire have accepted a number, and have caused them to be attached to all the County Police weights and measures carts and all the police bicycles. This particular Reflex light is one that can be seen at night with an ordinary acetylene headlight at a distance of 160 yards.

The indignation expressed and felt by the sentimental young Scotch lady when she heard that a party of cyclists had ridden through the Pass of Glencoe for the first time will assuredly be shared by many old Indian campaigners when they learn that ere long the depths of the celebrated Khyber Pass will echo to the purring notes of motor-car engines. That particularly progressive potentate, the Ameer of Afghanistan, has decreed a motor service from Peshawar to Cabul, a distance of over two hundred miles, and has placed an order with a Bombay firm to the extent of

£33,000 in this connection. And this is the narrow way which, if Kipling's Mulvaney is to be believed, was once blocked for two hours to the passage of a division by the hindquarters of an "uttee," for the simple reason that that huge pachyderm wanted to see a friend. Things move quickly now, and before long we may expect

man, Dr. P. J. Collins, was, with a 20-h.p. Vauxhall, entered for the Tasmanian Reliability Trials, and not only proved the best car in the trials, but won the hill-climbing competition and the petrol-consumption test held in conjunction with the trials, which extended over two days and a distance of 230 miles. This may not strike the

English reader as a very serious test from the point of distance, but it must be remembered that Tasmanian and not English roads were in question. No professional element entered into the competition, for the car was driven throughout the trial by the Doctor's son. It is only fair to the 20-h.p. Vauxhall to say that it was injured in transhipment, and did not take part in the contest.

There are very few motorists who have not at some time or other been troubled, if not annoyed, at the cyclist's practice of hanging on to their cars by any projection which comes handy. That this practice is a dangerous one there is no question, and the irritation is caused by a feeling on the part of the car-owner that, no matter what accident may occur to the cyclist while indulging in his free tow, he, the motorist, will be blamed, and probably sued for and cast in damages. So strongly has this matter been represented to the committee of the R.A.C. that in June last representations were made to the Commissioner of Police asking him to take action against such offenders. The police replied that this hanging-on was an offence under the Metropolitan Police Act, 1839, but before they could take action it would be

necessary for them to satisfy themselves that the offence had been committed, while it would be necessary for the person annoyed to attend in support of the prosecution. Any case of the kind brought by a member or an associate will have the Club's support.



A "KING'S HIGHWAY" IN THE FAR EAST: A CHINESE MAIN ROAD IN WET WEATHER.

We heard a good deal of the state of the Chinese roads at the time of the Paris-Pekin Motor Race of four years ago. Promises of amendment were made by the authorities, stung by the accounts which reached Europe. Our illustration, from a recent photograph, showing a French traveller's mules and baggage-wagon half-submerged in mud at a typical "bit of bad going," will let the world see how the promises have been kept.

to hear of the Daimler Motor Company's Hire Department leasing cars for the Khyber trip.

Humbers are scoring at the Antipodes. One in particular, a 12-20-h.p., the property of a Sydney medical

## SKIN-TORTURED BABIES SLEEP AND MOTHERS REST.

A warm bath with Cuticura soap, followed by a gentle anointing with Cuticura ointment, is generally sufficient to afford immediate comfort in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly eczema, rashes, irritations and inflammations of infants and children, permit sleep for child and rest for parent, and point to permanent relief, when other methods fail. Peace falls upon distracted households when these pure, sweet, and gentle emollients enter. No other treatment costs so little and does so much for skin-sufferers, from infancy to age.

## WILDUNGEN SPA.

1,000 feet above sea level, charmingly situated, surrounded by mountains and splendid forests. This rapidly rising German Spa is renowned owing to its special advantages as a health resort for all suffering from Kidney and Bladder trouble, Gravel, Gout, Calculus and loss of Albumen.—12,611 visitors in 1910.

ROYAL BATH HOTEL, and twelve first-class Hotels.

## THE FINEST GOLF LINKS ON THE CONTINENT.

Theatre, Tennis, Shooting, Orchestral Band, Dancing.

SEASON—JUNE TO SEPTEMBER.

For home treatment the waters can be obtained from INGRAM & ROYLE, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.

Descriptive "Wildungen" Booklet will be sent post free upon application to the

WILDUNGEN ENQUIRY OFFICES, 23, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

## Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hatters, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

## IRISH LINEN AT ROBINSON &amp; CLEAVER'S.

## Irish Household Linens.

Linen Damask Table Cloths in Satin Stripe, Floral and other Designs.—2 x 2 yds. 8/6 each; 2 x 2 1/2 yds. 10/8 each. Napkins to match, 8 x 13 yds. 8/9, 12 x 17 yds. 13/6 dozen.

Shamrock and other Designs.—Cloths, 2 x 2 1/2 yds. 9/10 each, 2 1/2 x 3 yds. 16/3 each. Napkins to match, 24 x 24 ins. 11/4 dozen.

Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 x 3 yds. 17/6 pair, 2 1/2 x 3 yds. 22/6 pair.

Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases, 20 x 30 ins. 5/- pair; 20 x 32 ins. 5/10 pair.

Grass Bleached Linen Towels, Hemstitched, 12/6 doz.

## Irish Collars.

"Castle" Collars, linen faced (the styles include the newest and the old-style designs also), per 4/11 dozen, double chaper, 5/11; single-chaper.

Carriage Pad on orders of 12 and upwards.

LONDON.



## Irish Linen Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' all-linen, hemstitched, 2 1/2 to 12/6 per dozen.

Ladies' linen Initial Handkerchiefs, any Initial, 6/3 to 13/6 per dozen.

Gentlemen's cambric Handkerchiefs, tape or corded borders, about 21 ins. square, 5/3 to 8/11 per dozen.

Gentlemen's Initial Handkerchiefs, pure linen, finely hemstitched, about 19 1/2 ins. square, 8/6 to 15/6 per dozen.

## Irish Shirts.

"Matchless" Shirts, with fine four-fold fronts and cuffs, (for dress or day wear (to measure 2 - per half-35/6 dozen extra) ... per half-dozen.

## Robinson &amp; Cleaver,

By Appointment to Their Majesties,

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BELFAST.

Samples and Illustrated Lists post free.

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## SEQUARINE

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Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Paralysis and Locomotor Ataxy, Pulmonary Troubles, Neurasthenia.

The Sequarine Book, giving full particulars of the Serum Treatment, will be sent gratis and post free to any applicant.

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HOMBURG "Baths."—HOTEL VICTORIA and 4 Villas. The leading English Hotel. Magnificent garden.

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THUN.—THE GRAND HOTEL and THE VERHOF. HOF & BELLEVUE. 150 DU PARC. The leading establishments. 400 beds. Tarif from 8/-, Harris 124, Fleet Street, E.C.

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Write for Book on "Water Supply to Nations."

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# PLAYER'S Navy Mixture

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Player's Navy Mixture is everything that a tobacco can be.

It is cool and even burning, with a bouquet as distinct and delicate as that of some rare vintage wine.

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P.108

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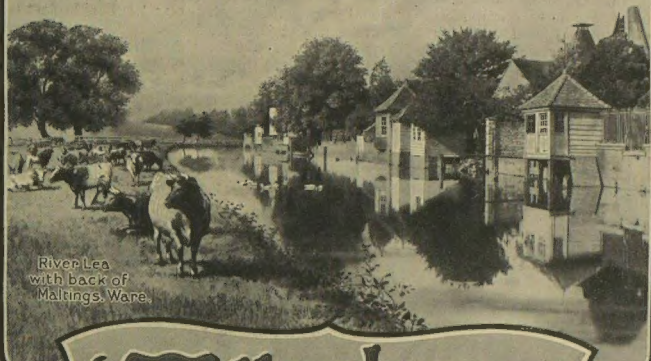
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The "Allenburys' DIET is palatable and acceptable to all. It is taken with relish by the Invalid, the Aged, the Dyspeptic, and those with Weakened Digestion, restoring bodily vigour and giving tone to the system.

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SELF-PROPELLING AND SELF-ADJUSTABLE  
WHEEL CHAIRS.



Constructed on new and improved principles, which enable the occupant to change the inclination of the back or leg-rest either together or separately to any desired position, meeting every demand for comfort and necessity; also supplied with single or divided and extensible leg-rests.

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1st Prize, £25. 2nd Prize, £10. 3rd Prize, £5.

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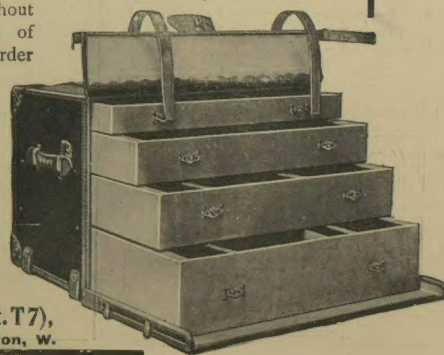
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## ART NOTES.

THE greatest of modern Dutch painters—or, as some would maintain, the greatest of modern painters—has passed with the death of Josef Israels. Born at Groningen in 1824, he was fortunate in his environment, for his religion (his parents had at first intended that he should be a rabbi) enlarged the scope of his artistic vision. Often the restrictions of the Dutch character and scene have cramped the national art, so that both its canvases and their themes are narrow; but for Israels, as for his prototype Rembrandt, the appreciation of the grandeur and dignity of common men and things broadened all his work. His massive brushwork and the draughtsmanship that could be called slovenly if it were not based upon the recondite power of a master, were

his work, and we shall now be alive to the disastrous results of an apathy that prevented the gift to the National Gallery of no small portion of the Drucker collection.

There has been placed in the cases in the King's Library at the British Museum a small collection of Oriental manuscripts, with illuminations and miniatures. To get these in a place where they may be compared with European work of a like object and scope is of great interest. For the last ten years the English designer has had the Oriental designer thrown, so to speak, at his head. And he has deserved the missile. Beardsley's deftness of hand and sense of line, the widespread Japanese print, and the birth of a new interest in all alien pictorial conventions reminded us that English draughtsmanship had become empty and insular. Persian,

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Nov. 19, 1910) of MRS. RHODA ANNE HINDLEY, of Lightcliffe, Shepherds Hill, Highgate, N., widow, who died on July 7, is proved by Ernest Hinscliffe Hindley, son, and Edgar Charles Straker, son-in-law, the value of the estate being £65,946. The testatrix gives furniture, etc., of the value of £500 to her daughter Rhoda; £100 each to the executors; £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Missionary Society, the London City Mission, and the Religious Tract Society; legacies to servants; and the residue, including the sum of £10,000 over which she had power of appointment, as to one sixth each to her children Ernest, Frederic William, Rhoda Cooke, Sidney, and Elsie



THE PRIDE OF SCARBOROUGH: THE MAGNIFICENT MAIN DRIVE CONNECTING THE NORTH AND SOUTH SIDES.

The work of developing the northern side of Scarborough is being now pushed on in a spirit of commendable enterprise. It bids more than fair to fulfil amply the expectations of those responsible for the beautifying and improvement of the fair resort that its votaries call the Queen of Northern Seaside Watering Places. What has so successfully been achieved at Scarborough on the south side is familiar to all visitors, and is in high favour with all.

developed with great pains that they might properly express the larger aspects of humanity and his own wide sympathies. The many greys of his palette, palely streaked with other colours that hardly alter the effect of monotone, express his view of the world as a place of massed rather than of segregated details. The long, heavy, but active lines of the sea often attracted his brush, and "The Shipwrecked Mariner" in the National Gallery, although painted nearly fifty years ago, has a considerable share of the gravity and simplicity that are the marked characteristics of the latest and most significant period of his career. Many of his finest canvases have been for some years lodged in a house in Grosvenor Street, whence they are destined, we believe, to go to Holland, the gift of their owner, Mr. Drucker, to the land of his and their own origin. Doubtless Israels' death will inspire us with the desire to possess more of

Indian, and Chinese models are, therefore, vaulted up to the skies as the proper exemplars for the budding artist of the London County Council and South Kensington. At the British Museum one may regain the patriotism of the pencil. Nothing in the Oriental cases equals the work, in exactly the same branch of art, of the English and French miniaturists. The eleventh-century New Minster Gospels and the "Apocalypse" in Case II. in the first room are unsurpassed as illustrated books. Strangely enough, many characteristics of the Southern, and even of the Northern Schools of Classical Persian painting are tinged with the influences that are made manifest in our own earlier practice. The winged creatures in several of the Persian manuscripts very closely resemble the angels of the manuscripts of New Minster and of the mosaics of St. Mark's.

Ruth, and one sixth to her son-in-law and two grandsons, Donald and Ray.

The will of MR. PERCY ADOLPHUS HUMPHERY, of 11, Marlborough Buildings, Bath, who died on April 25, is proved by Roland Oliphant Percy Humphery, the son, and Ernest Wallace Rooke, the value of the property amounting to £92,648. The testator gives £150, certain domestic effects, and while she remains his widow, £500 per annum to his wife; property at Bath and St. Ives specifically to his daughters Dorothy and Hilda; the remainder of his property at St. Ives to his son; small legacies; and the residue in trust for his son and daughters.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1908) of MR. WILLIAM STEWART FORSTER, of Rumwood, Maidstone, Kent, who died on July 1, is proved, and the value of the estate

(Continued overleaf.)

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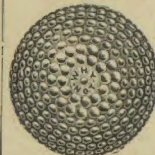
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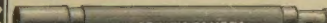
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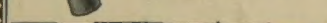
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## KEATING'S POWDER KILLS

FLEAS BEETLES MOTHS BUGS. FLEAS BEETLES MOTHS BUGS.

TINS 1 3/4 6 1/2



*Continued.*  
sworn at £281,967. The testator gives £5000 each to his sons Claude William and Cecil Charles; £2000 to his brother, the Rev. Francis Samuel Forster; an annuity of £250 to Nurse Land; £500 to John West; an annuity of £250 to his sister-in-law, Jane Fraser Forster, and £500 each to her children; and legacies to servants. During the life of his wife, her income is to be made up to £4000 a year, and she is to have the use of his residence, and a sum not exceeding £500 a year is to be applied to the upkeep thereof; and the following annuities are to be paid, namely: £750 to his son Arthur Francis, £500 each to his daughters Mabel Catherine Bocquet and Margaret Lucy, and £200 each to his sons Claude William and Cecil Charles. Subject thereto he gives £25,000 each to his four younger children, and the residue to his son Arthur Francis.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1909) of MR. FREDERICK SCORER, of Kent Hatch, near Edenbridge, who died on June 14, is proved by the widow, the value of the estate being £84,606. He gives £100 each to the Church Army, the Church of England Home for Waifs and Strays, and the Artists' Benevolent Fund; £50 each to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, and the Cancer Hospital, Fulham; £300 to the Rev. Albert R. Harrison and £100 each to his children; £200 to Harold C. Browning and £100 to each of his children; £200 to Theresa Elsey; £100 each to the children of his brother Alfred; and the residue to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1907) of MR. FREDERICK JACQUES MYERS, of Charlton Lodge, Charlton, Northampton, who died on May 20, is proved by Henry Whinnerch and William W. Otter-Barry, the value of the estate amounting to £119,955. The testator gave £7020, in trust, for each of his daughters, Lily Agnes Myers and Edith Wrey Otter-Barry; £500 to his wife; £5200 to his daughter Lily Agnes on her marriage; and £200, in trust, for keeping up the new burial-ground at Charlton, "to be tended and cared for as though it were my own garden." The residue of the property he left in trust to pay the income thereof to his wife during widowhood, or from one half thereof should she again marry, and, subject thereto, for his two daughters; but in the event of either of them becoming a Sister of Mercy or entering any religious order, Protestant or otherwise, her share is to be forfeited, and an annuity of £50 paid to her.

The following important wills have been proved—

Mr. William Livingstone Russell, Belmont, Combe Downe, near Bristol	£41,543
Mr. James Gregson, Hearts Hill, Debden Green, Loughton	£39,652
Mr. Richard Ellison Strachan, Raglan House, Durdham Park, Bristol	£36,106
Colonel Hugh Robert Hughes, Ystrad, Denbigh	£35,977
Mr. James Edmund Yonge, Brixton, near Plymouth	£35,953
Mr. Edward Henry Liddell, The Point, Rye	£32,388
Mrs. Maria Theresa Eyston, Stanford Place, Faringdon, Berks	£22,830

## CHESS.

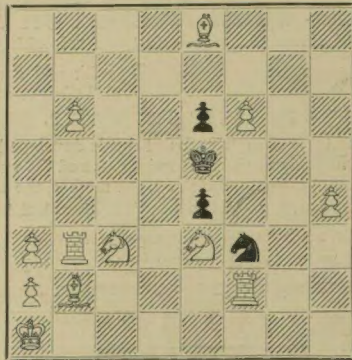
To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Millford Lane, Strand, W.C.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3507.—By J. R. MATTEY.

WHITE.  
1. Q to Q 2nd  
2. P to K 4th (dis ch)  
3. B to Kt 8th, mate.  
If Black play 1. K to B 8th, 2. P to K 4th (dis ch); if 1. K to Kt 6th, 2. P to K 4th; and if 1. K takes P, 2. Q takes P (ch), etc.

BLACK.  
P to Kt 5th  
K to Kt 6th

PROBLEM No. 3510.—By C. C. W. MANN.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.  
Game played at Hamburg in a match between Messrs. MARSHALL and LEONHARDT.  
(Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Q to R 6th	K to R sq
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	14. As the result of White's last move, the position is an extraordinary one. It will be seen that Black has no other practicable resource. If he play Kt to K sq White has a beautiful mate by 14. Q takes R (ch); and if either Q B or Kt moves, it must in each case to Q 2nd, giving time for the White Knight to come into action.	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 4th	15. Kt to B 4th	R to Kt sq
4. P to B 4th	P to Kt 5th	16. B takes P	B to B sq
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	17. Kt to K 6th	B to Kt 2nd
6. B takes P	P takes Kt	18. Q to R 5th	R to Kt 5th
7. Q takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	19. Kt to K 6th	B to Kt 2nd
P to Q 3rd is the logical consequence of P to K 4th, and should have been played at once.		20. Q to R 5th	R to Kt 5th
8. Q takes P	B to K 2nd	21. Kt to K 6th	B to Kt 2nd
9. Castles	Castles	22. B takes Kt	Resigns
10. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q R 4th		
With the view of both countering White's new attack, and bringing his Queen's Rook to the King's assistance.			
11. B to Kt 2nd	P takes P		
12. Kt to K 2nd	R to R 3rd		

ARTHUR ELSON (Boston, U.S.A.).—The position you sent is too crowded, and, with the thermometer over 90 deg., our solvers would all go on strike. We shall be pleased to see more of your work. We read your critique with much pleasure.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3502 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3504 from R W Couper (Malbone, Ga., U.S.A.), J W Reaty (Toronto), J Murray (Quebec), and S Foster (Gibraltar); of No. 3505 from L Schlu (Vienna), C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), J B Camara (Maderia), J W Reaty, and J Murray; of No. 3506 from Rev. J Christie (Redditch), J B Camara, J Roberts (Hackney), and F Smart; of No. 3507 from F Smart, C Barretto (Madrid), J Huskisson (Curragh Camp, Kildare), T Wetherall (Manchester), Rev. G E Money, and F R G. CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3508 received from L Schlu, H S Brandreth (Weybridge), Sorrento, J F G Pieterse (Kingswinford), T Wetherall, J Churcher (Southampton), H J M. Major Buckley (Instow), W T (Canterbury), H R Thompson (Twickenham), J Cohn (Berlin), J Green (Boulogne), R Wooters (Canterbury), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), J S R (Lincoln's Inn), J D Tucker (Ilkley), A W Hamilton Gell (Carlton Club), Rev. J Christie, and F R G.

## TWO RECENT NOVELS.

"The Last Galley." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has written the opening studies in "The Last Galley" (Smith Elder) to gratify in some measure his yearnings towards a larger ideal. They are fragments of what he has conceived as a work still unattempted, a delineation of the incidents of some great historical epoch which shall treat, not the adventures and loves of particular individuals, but the intrinsic fascination of the actual facts of history. His first sketch describes the return of the broken fleet of Carthage, and the death-grapple of the last galley in sight of the great city left bare, in that hour of naval annihilation, to Roman conquest. The study of the soldiers' Emperor Maximinus is powerfully carried out in another chapter, and the best is made of the opportunity for dramatic writing in "The Last of the Legions," the story of the withdrawal of the Roman garrison from Britain. Sir Arthur's conception may not be as novel as he thinks; but his dallying with it is productive of a very pleasant and interesting book.

"Captain Black." "The Iron Pirate," written by Mr. Max Pemberton not far short, we think, of twenty years ago, went straight to the heart of its public, and achieved a popular success that is not yet forgotten. Under these circumstances it is scarcely strange to find Mr. Pemberton resuscitating the fierce and masterly rover whose depredations struck terror into the hearts of the seafaring world, and bringing him up to date—and a little ahead of it too—in command of a marvellous submarine. There was once a Captain Nemo . . . but let that pass; "Captain Black" (Cassell) is stuffed as full of battle and hairbreadth 'scapes as even a schoolboy could desire, and his fight among the battleships, at least, owes nothing to the great French pioneer of all these tales of pseudo-scientific adventure. In such a welter of pirates, the staginess of Mr. Pemberton's sailor men, the reminiscent opening in a Cornish inn, the trite emotions and encounters, may be excused: they are the time-honoured seasoning to sea-stories of blood and treasure. "Captain Black" may set on edge the teeth of the literary expert; but we can foretell for it a huge popularity among those happy people who are not beyond enjoying a stirring story for its own sake.

YES I'M GETTING GREYER  
BUT I'M GROWING GAYER  
THANKS TO  
BEECHAM'S  
PILLS.

